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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

THE EFFECT OF EMANCIPATION.

From the Shreveport (La.) Democrat, Nov. 23.

SUPPOSE slavery was abolished throughout the South, in accordance with the schemes of the Abolitionists, what would be the effect—

1st. Upon the Negro?
2d. Upon the Southern white man?
3d. Upon the South?
4th. Upon Europe?

The effect upon the negro would be disastrous. He would immediately abandon all regular labour; become dissipated, and, in the course of a few generations, would fade and disappear from the earth, as the Indians have done, and are now doing. Look at Jamaica, Hayti, the free negroes of this continent, Africa, the English colony of Sierra Leone. There is not now on the earth, and never has been, a single prosperous, industrious and happy free negro community. When England emancipated her West India negroes, it was urged that they would, from a sense of gratitude, labour more assiduously for their old masters than formerly, and that the planter would be really benefited, as they would not have the trouble and expense of the negroes in infancy, sickness and old age. But what are the facts of the case? The negro was no sooner liberated than he ceased to labour, except what was necessary to provide the barest means of subsistence. The fine plantations of Jamaica, some of them worth $100,000, could not be sold for as many cents.

But how would fare the Southern white man? It is very evident that the first effect would be almost a total loss of his landed property, for without labour his fine plantations would be wholly valueless. Some Northern men are silly enough to suppose that the negro, if liberated, could be hired to work on the plantation as the English employ the Chinese in the East Indies. We have shown that this is a fallacy; that the free negro will not work. But could not white labour be procured in sufficient abundance to carry on our planting operations? At the bottom of this lies another fallacy. The white man cannot stand the Southern sun. At least, and the fact is abundantly proven, the white man cannot labour on the best plantations of the South; there is not only the heat of the sun, but the general unhealthiness of such localities—localities which are perfectly congenial to the negro, but destructive to the white man.

But free labour, if it could be had, cannot be relied upon for southern planting. It may do for western farming, where a few months' labour on the farms is all that is requir in the course of the year. Here it is the business of the whole year, and there are seasons when the loss of a week would be ruinous. Take the season of grinding cane, for instance, or take the season for planting and cultivating the cotton crop. But we need not designate particular seasons of the year—the whole is important to the sugar and cotton planter. What reliance could be placed on hired labour under such circumstances and in such a country as this, where labour is scarce at best, and the means of living easily procured? Would the labourers strike for higher wages whenever there was a push? Most assuredly they would, as they do everywhere else. But it is useless to speculate on this subject; no labour could be had, and, in consequence, sugar, rice, cotton and tobacco would cease to be made.

But how would fare the North without the products of the South, and without a Southern market? This is the naked and the true question, and it is the one that every Northern man should always ask himself whenever he begins to rave and talk about emancipation.

An almost entire destruction of the Northern shipping interest would be the first blow; then would follow the manufacturing, and finally the mercantile. In fact, every interest would suffer, and the desolation and ruin would be as complete as if a victorious army had burnt and sacked every town and village throughout the country. We could very easily elaborate this subject, and show to the satisfaction of all the truth of our statement.

The effect upon Europe, especially England, would be little less disastrous than upon our country. Starvation, ruin, desolation and revolution would be the inevitable lot of the English nation. Only think, she buys and works up about 1,700,000 bales of our cotton; consumes immense quantities of our breadstuffs, and sells to our people $100,000,000 of her goods.

In fact, no one can picture the distress that would follow throughout Europe, in the event of the emancipation of our slaves. We regard slavery here as the leading element in modern prosperity and civilization; it is undoubtedly the creator of that magnificent commerce which builds up and binds civilized nations in the bonds of amity and peace. Destroy this commerce and the world would be thrown into isolated jarring elements, always at war, as was the case during the middle ages.

Look at this picture, ye crazy brained fanatics, and do what you have never done before; that is, reflect seriously and honestly on the effects of your mad schemes, provided they could be carried out.

CAUTION.

THE following copy of a statute, enacted only a little more than four years ago, in the State of Arkansas, has been sent to us by a legal gentleman, for the benefit of our neighbour, the acting editor of the *New York Observer*, and as a caution to him not to show himself in Arkansas till he has distinctly retracted his seditious denial of the right of property in man. Our friend informs us that the copy which he sends is from "Laws of Arkansas, 1850." Pp. 22, 23.—*Independent.*

"*An act to Prohibit the Publication, Circulation or Promulgation of the Abolition Doctrines.*

"Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Arkansas, That if a free person, by speaking or writing, maintain that owners have not right of property in their slaves, he shall be confined in jail not more than one year, and fined not exceeding five hundred dollars.

"Sec. 2. Be it further enacted, That if a free person write, print, or cause to be written or printed, any book, or other writing, with intent to advise or incite negroes in this State to rebel or make insurrection, or inculcating resistance to the right of property of masters in their slaves, or if he shall, with intent to aid the purpose of any such book or writing, knowingly, circulate the same, he shall be confined in the penitentiary not less than one, nor more than five years.

"Sec. 3. Be it further enacted, That this act take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

T. B. FLOURNOY,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
"JOHN R. HAMPTON,
President of the Senate.

"Approved, Nov. 22, 1850.
"JOHN SELDEN ROANE."

☞ THE arraignment of Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips, for the part taken by them in the case of Mr. Burns, is a most ridiculous farce. The Government must be aware that it owes more to Mr. Phillips than to any other man in Boston, not excepting the very men who arrested their victim; for it was Mr. Phillips who acted as the rod to conduct the lightning, in the angry sky of old Faneuil Hall, from the guilty wretches who had Burns in chains at the Court-House. When the multitude would have rushed from the meeting in the "*old Cradle of Liberty*," and would have delivered the man in chains, Mr. Phillips flung a damper upon the effort, and counselled delay till morning, thus giving the Government time to meet and repulse any attempt at a rescue. The Government should reward—certainly it should not arraign—one who did it such essential service.

As for Mr. Parker, there may be some propriety in arraigning him. He is a man of grit, and has a good deal of genuine "*treason*" in his blood. If he did not rescue Burns, it was for no want of will, courage or skill, but simply because he was not seconded as he should have been. But really both gentlemen must feel honoured by their arraignment far beyond their merits. And the blunder of Mr. Phillips, in counselling against the rescue at the only time when the rescue could have been effected, is only surpassed by the blunder of the Government in arraigning him now. Of course, nobody supposes that an hair of the head of either gentleman will be injured. They would be acquitted before a jury at Washington, under the very nose of President Pierce. —*Frederick Douglass's Paper.*

THE STANDARD.

WENDELL PHILLIPS'S LECTURE,

Delivered at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, Tuesday evening, January 9th, 1855.

MR. PHILLIPS was introduced to the audience by MR. OLIVER JOHNSON, who said: We have with us to-night, ladies and gentlemen, a man who has arrived at the high honour of being indicted as a criminal, in a Court of the United States, for exercising the freedom of speech in Faneuil Hall (applause)! I congratulate you upon the fact, that, guilty as he is, he has been able to find friends (scarcely less guilty, I fear, than himself!) to give bail for his appearance, so that he is enabled to stand before us this evening to vindicate a cause, dear to him as to us (great applause).

MR. PHILLIPS, on rising, was received with applause, loud, hearty, and prolonged. A moment of silence followed, when he proceeded to speak as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I cannot but thank you for the cordial reception which you have given me, after such an announcement as that which has been made, although I am free to confess that I do not know what better recommendation a stranger could carry with him from Boston, for his good character, than the fact that he had been indicted by Ben. Hallett (laughter and applause).

We are here to-night to talk about slavery, and, in this course of Lectures, you have represented every variety of opinion upon that subject. Every man brings forth his remedy; every man gives you his view; you consent to look at the subject from the stand-point of all the various speakers, night after night. This is right. The subject belongs to no man. It is too great for a party; it belongs to us all. It is the great question of the day; it is emphatically the great struggle of this nation in the present age. As Americans, we are bound to see it settled; as lovers of republicanism, we have a deep interest in its settlement beyond the mere question of humanity; for the experiment of self-government is, in this matter, to be subjected to a trial such as it has never endured yet. The worth of self-government is to be tried. Government is worth nothing that protects the rich; they can protect themselves. Government is worth nothing that protects the popular; they can protect themselves. Government is worth little that permits indifferent questions to be discussed and settled; because, almost any girdle can hold together when there is but a weak struggle within. But on great national issues, when the deepest fountains of national thought are touched; when great interests are jeopardied; when the classes of society jostle and clash against each other, like mighty vessels in a storm—then, if government can hold together, it is worth something; it enables the great issue to go on—to be fought out, and the elements of a national life ride out the storm.

Monarchy has done it. With all our depreciation of aristocratic institutions and national churches, England, with the weight of a peerage and the colossal influence of wealth in the scale of the Slave Power, has been able to grapple with the question of slavery, and strike off a million of fetters; and the ordinary routine of daily life has gone on undisturbed. She has proved that she can educate men and women to the highest point of moral life, to the most perfect disinterestedness of pitying millions whom they never saw, and annihilating a bondage that never appealed to their actual sight for sympathy. They could take up the question of a million of human slaves, and make them free men. The Government bore it. This is a great praise.

Fellow-citizens, this generation is to work out the problem whether, under republican government, we can educate such men and women; whether we can get above the temptations that corrupt the majority, that poison the foundations of national character; whether we can ride out the tempest of a great national question like this of slavery. Every man that loves self-government, that is proud of the experiment of republican institutions here, is bound to see to it that he devotes his best energies to proving in the face of the world that we can do as much, if not more than the corrupt Governments on the other side of the water. This is one of the most momentous aspects of the slave question. It is the test question of Republicanism. If our institutions go down in the struggle, or if they are smothered in the embrace of slavery and become an oligarchy, a slaveholding despotism, then the light of this great model State of the nineteenth century is quenched and the experience of the revolution is what Jefferson prophesied it might become—a failure and a misfortune.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, you have had presented to you, doubtless, and you will have presented to you, many cheering aspects of the slave question, and many easy methods of coming at its solution. No doubt there is great cause for congratulation. Men have spoken out at the North. Thousands are gathered together—such as never could be got together years ago—to listen to anti-slavery discussions. Governors in Kentucky, Alabama, Georgia, societies in South Carolina and North Carolina, have been moved to recommend the sanctity of marriage, the education of the slave, the forbidding separation of families, the annihilation of the laws that make it an offence for a free coloured man to visit a southern port. All these are the first inroads of the moral tone of the Nineteenth Century upon the darkness and stagnation of the slave system within the despotic States. Doubtless they are cheering signs, and, though small, they point the right way. They show that the tide of public sentiment is rising—rising in that direction where it is most valuable in its effects, and is gaining on the shore.

But, fellow-citizens, there is another great question which lies behind all this—and that is, what progress have we made in the actual grappling with the Slave Power? What have we done? What means have we got to do with in this battle? What have we discovered in regard to slavery after a warfare of more than twenty years? Nearly twenty-five years have been passed in the only radical anti-slavery movement that has ever arisen in this country, that has ever been moved in this country. Twenty-five years! Nearly a generation; thirty-three years is a generation. It is time to judge. What have we gained? Where are we? Are we drifting at sea? Have we neared the port? Have we gained a victory? What is it? Where? Of what sort? What are our means to fight out the battle?

I come here to-night to use the hour that you lend me, perhaps gravely, more gravely than you would fancy, in answering these questions. For slavery, friends, is a very grave subject to me. I thought once, in the hot enthusiasm of youth, when I first shared the labour of anti-slavery effort, that it was but a thing of a few years, that the moral sense of the nation would shake it off as the lion does the dew-drop from his mane. Years have rolled away. There it still rears its colossal front, not a stone displaced, not a battlement gained, not a corner fort ours, hardly a man killed, trenches not filled. And here we stand in front of it, just as we did twenty-five years ago. I know there have been enthusiastic moments; I know there have been popular rejoicings; I know there have been national tumults of indignation. So I have seen the waves of the Atlantic beat against the rocky shore of Massachusetts, and break their crests into foam; so I have seen the sea-birds beat their brains out against the rocks of Nahant in a tempest. But there are the black rocks to-day, and the foam and the sea-birds have passed away forever. So, to my mind, there is the great colossal, central Slave Power, as it stood in 1831—hardly weakened—I rather think strengthened, in twenty-five years. And what have we got to fight it with? Men claim that we Garrisonians, who come here sometimes once a year, are apt to be ranters, declamatory, personal, abusive; that we stir national questions too deeply; that we attack individual men too fiercely; that we hunt down reputations; that we indulge in mere cavil; that we are not contented to put the best face on affairs; that we do not welcome the rising of sympathy here at the North; that we do not stretch out our lines before the South—show them our strength—exult in the growth of anti-slavery sentiment—spread out before audiences the catalogue of our successes, and the cheering prospect of our gain. Well, we do not. It is true, we do not. Other men do it—do it to the applause of those who hear them—do it to the comfort of those who rely upon their statements—do it to the gain of anti-slavery sympathy in some quarters, and the allaying of anti-slavery effort in others.

Some men blame us for criticising the Church, the clergy, the Constitution, the sacred institutions of the country. Well, friends, there is Sebastopol. It is full of Russians. It is full of powder. It bristles with cannon. It has the ablest Generals of the world within its girdle. And we are outside of it. There is no powder in the powder-chest. Lord Raglan says: "Don't tell of it!" The cannons are dead, Quaker guns, nothing else. Lord Cardigan says, "Never tell of it!" The men are sick; we hide the lack of numbers with curtains. The Duke of Cambridge says, "Conceal it, and let the Russians come up the hill!" And we say: "No, confess that our guns are wooden, and send to Toulon for more"; confess that we have no powder, and send home for reënforcements; confess that the Church is a sham when she stands up for slavery, and form a better; confess that the Constitution of our fathers was a mistake, and never has enabled us to do anything against the Slave Power; tear it in pieces and form a better (loud cheering). Do not try to stretch a parchment until it cover the yawning chasm in the forum, but confess that the chasm is there and go about at broad day with a lantern, as the Greek did, to find a man that will fill it and close it up. Now that is exactly our policy. Go over our resources. See what they are. Confess honestly the strength of the enemy. Confess your own weakness. What does it do? Does it make us doubt that slavery will be destroyed? Not a bit of it. Slavery will die, because all lies die; a just God reigns, and, therefore, justice will triumph in the end.

But that is not the question now. The question with us is, how can we aid freedom in her great struggle with injustice? how can we set at work elemental causes that shall work while we sleep (for men must sleep), that shall set to work by the nature of things, and so eat out this cancer of the body politic, social and religious. Now, friends, this is Garrisonianism, as you term it in derision. It is going about to the institutions of the North, and asking what they are, and how much you can rely upon them. He is but a poor calculator who leans upon a reed, and does not ask whether it is broken, until the trial comes. The ostrich is a fool that thinks she gets rid of a danger by hiding her eyes in the sand. You do not make an independent clergy by raising both your hands and crying out: "Great is the Evangelical Clergy of the United States." Words do not make things. Why not come to the natural and honest issue, and find out what we are, and where we are, and what we have to work with? Men think it abuse. How is it abuse? Is this country any more precious to you than to us? Did your fathers do more than ours to secure those institutions? Have you dearer wives than ours, and dearer children than ours to share its fate in time to come? Are we not embarked on the same ship—bound to the same port? Is not this your question as well as ours? We only put in our advice; we are only wise by the experience of yesterday, and twenty years before, that is all.

Now, friends, slavery is not a question of a fugitive slave in the streets of New York. The heart has no right to beat in triumph because a slaveholder was shot—God bless the pistol that did it!—in Pennsylvania (cheering). It was but one drop in the ocean. The great question remains behind. That is but an individual sympathy; that is but an appeal to humanity. Why, a tiger, a decent tiger, would protect a fugitive slave. It does not need a Christian (laughter). It does not need a man, hardly. It is but poor praise, and yet how great we deem it, how magnificent we deem it, that there are cities in this broad country of ours where a fugitive slave dares to tell his name. That is the climax of American Christianity and American Republicanism (applause), where he dares to walk the streets at daylight and tell his name. Syracuse is one (applause), Cleveland is another (applause), Chicago is another (applause), where the noble young men shouldered their muskets at the bidding of the United States Marshal and turned them against him in favour of the slave (loud applause). New York is not. She robes herself in princely wealth and sits down with the coronet of empire on her brow, and, yet, in all her broad streets she has not a spot where the fugitive slave dares stop and deem himself safe. Neither is Boston; and Philadelphia has sunk so low that nobody names her (laughter).

But suppose it were otherwise, what matters it? These things do not make character, they are only the little episodes, the pulses, the occasional little excitements of life. They are not the great organic, national heart. They are not the sources of character. In a country like ours, in a new country whose function it is to conquer nature, to found cities, to bring the waste into cultivation, to spread an empire until the soles of its feet shall be kissed by the waves of the Pacific, the acquisition of wealth is the great question of the day. The gaining of wealth will draw into its channel all the robust energy, all the intellectual strength of such a people. Germany will have her scholarship, and England will have her moderate theoretical liberty, and France will run crazy after theories, and Italy will lose herself in the love of marble and colour; but Young America, her manifest destiny, much more than annexation, is to garner up wealth for future generations—to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. Now, in such a country as this it is no disgrace. It is the epoch in which we live; it is the direction into which all intellectual energy is turned. The saving of labour and making of labour profitable is an organic part of our character. It begins young and never fades out of age. Why, it would hardly be an exaggeration—so fond is this Anglo-Saxon blood of ours of the acquisition of wealth, the elevation of labour and the evading of drudgery by the forming of new methods of making the human hand potent—it would hardly be an exaggeration to fancy a baby six months old leaning over the side of its cradle, planning a new model, with the intention of getting out a patent (laughter). It is in us—a part of the blood. Amid such a people wealth, must be strong; capital must be omnipotent. Wherever you garner it up into masses, it must be a mighty power.

Now, the Slave Power commences its strength in this central germ. It is two thousand millions of invested dollars—two thousand millions of dollars invested in one species of property. I fancy I see the genius of the American people placing its hand on its lips and its lips in the dust before two thousand millions of dollars. Why, the Yankee loses his breath at the mere mention of it (laughter). Fancy pants after it in vain. A black man once went to Portland and attended church. He went into a good pew, and the next neighbour asked the man who owned it why he put a "nigger" into his pew. "Why, Sir, he is a Haytien." "Can't help that—he's black." "But, Sir, he's a correspondent of mine." "Can't help that—he's black." "He's worth a million of dollars." "Introduce me" (laughter and applause). Now, the Slave Power is two thousand millions of property; that is its first element. It is in the hands of 347,000 men, women and children—probably not more than 100,000 grown men are the owners. They are educated men. They are educated not only by books and position—they are educated by despair, and despair doubles every man's ability. For they know that the spirit of the nineteenth century is undermining this wealth, and that they have got to contend against it with all the energy of a forlorn hope. They are linked together by despair, forming a solid square around this property. They are sagacious. Long use has made them so. In every contest for national supremacy, they have shown an astuteness which the records of Papacy only parrallel, and cannot outdo. This is the first element of strength of the Slave Power. I need not enlarge upon it. You know well that if, in any State, the banking, railroad and manufacturing corporations could be accumulated together to carry out a favourite project, there is hardly a State in the United States where the masses could stand against them. You know that Andrew Jackson, with his matchless popularity—with the Democratic party to support him—with a name second only to Washington's, if, indeed, it be second to his, in arousing the democratic element (I use the word in its broadest sense) throughout the country, was hardly a match for fifty millions of dollars, with the mercantile interest of the country behind it; that the United States Bank was able almost to defy Andrew Jackson and the whole Democratic party; and that the scales for a long time hung even—which should have the victory.

Two thousand millions of dollars, in the hands of 100,000 men, are, then, the first element of this Sebastopol with which we are contending; and, as if this were not enough, we have a Constitution that gives to this monopoly the only other power that it seems to want—that is, a political arjstocracy. We have allowed these men to count these slaves as the basis of political strength. They have the three-fifths slave basis; five slaves count for three persons; so that five wealthy slaveholders in the Carolinas can equal many a good-sized New England town in influence at Washington—have the same weight in a Government that calls itself democratic. Side by side with this—by the accident of our being a confederation of States, not a homogeneous Government—they have a State power, for they rule their own States. We despise a doughface at the North. But the doughface, though he does not often get a mess of pottage for his pains, gets the promise of it. That is something. But the doughfaces of Kentucky and South Carolina do not even get that.

The white trash, the non-slaveholders, the men who are counted as nothing in the slave States, are the third element of the strength of the Slave power. Kentucky is 35,000 slaveholders—nothing more; the non-slaveholders count for nothing in the State. They have no will—no expression—no weight in the State character. When Kentucky speaks as a State, she speaks as the exponent of the voice of 35,000 owners of between one and two hundred thousand slaves. Added to wealth and to weight in Congress comes the extraordinary incident of State power. Jefferson, in the best analysis that ever was made of this Government, which De Tocqueville confirmed forty years after, expresses an undoubted truth, that the real strength of this Government—that which controls it now and will check it in all time to come—resides in the love of State, and in that curious mixture of State sovereignty with the Union.

The fourth element is the prejudice against colour. If wealth accumulates itself in New York, we appeal to the prejudices of the people; we appeal to the *esprit du corps* of the common people; we appeal to the masses. In a word, we can easily arouse what you may call the prejudices or the right feelings of men who have no money against those who have. We have the sympathies of the human heart; we can beat down the dollar if you will give us time. If we can only get the masses together and get time, we can divide wealth, or we can conquer it, or we can bully it—if we cannot do anything else, we can frighten it. But now, as if to complete the arch of this Slave Power, we have the prejudice against colour. And it resides in no class—it covers all. The fashionable man does not hate the negro more than the labourer does—perhaps not so much. Wherever you go, the mute, the eloquent appeal of the fugitive slave is only successful in its last eloquence to rise above that prejudice against the colour and the skin which generally ignores the slave question. The higher world votes it vulgar; the lower world tramples it under foot as a "nigger" question; so that the door is closed against our appeal. And the men that crowd our shores from abroad no sooner breathe the American atmosphere than they contract this prejudice against the coloured race.

This, fellow-citizens, is our Sebastopol—wealth, the Constitution, State Governments, and the gun of democratic sympathy spiked by prejudice against colour. And if this prejudice could be weakened in the least, then comes that universal cry of patriotism, "the Union." Raise any question, no matter what it be; let the conscience of the North begin to awaken and open one lazy eyelid and gaze out a little bit on a moral question that solicits its attention, and there comes up some patent Democrat and reminds it that the Union is in danger, and it goes to sleep again (applause). The Union, the love of nationality, the cry of "great is the Constitution of the United States"—this is an appeal that never wants efficacy. Behind it Webster can conceal his ambition, and Cushing his villany (applause).

Now, this is the strength of the Slave Power. What have we got to fight it with? Against this compact force, against this thoroughly appointed army, against this garrison, against this fort so scientifically constructed, what have we got to marshal our forces upon, and where are our forces? Northern character is made up either in the Church or Wall street. We must go either to the money-making or we must go to the pulpit. You may say literature, too, helps to form the character. Yes, literature, an adjunct of the pulpit, an incident to the religious sentiment. But put in literature, the pulpit and the exchange. They are the three great elements of national character at the North, with which we can fight. Tell me how shall we get the strength to beat up against this north-east storm? How shall we fight wealth with wealth? When John Tyler signed the Texas annexation resolution, I went into State street and sat down in one of our insurance offices. Said I, "Texas is annexed." A dozen elderly men, each worth a plum, whose word stalked down State street unquestioned at all hours of the day, rose up at it. One said, "good for the freighting interest." Another said, "the commerce of Boston is worth five per cent. more to-day." Such were the only remarks they made. The great question of the strengthening of the balance of the Slave Power by the addition of five slave States, of the struggle betwixt Northern principles and Southern, of the violation of the Constitution by that act of annexation—these were nothing to them. The guinea closed their eyes, as Robert Hall said to the Episcopal priest who could not see the defects of the establishment from which he was receiving five thousand guineas a year. Robert Hall laid a guinea on his eye and said, "do you see the sun?" "No, not now," said the clergyman. "That is the reason you don't see the defects of the establishment" (laughter). They saw nothing of Texas but the freighting interest and the commerce of Boston. Do you suppose you can out-wit this Slave power? Do you suppose she was ever clumsy enough to tread on the present interest of the North? Never. If she annexes Texas, she takes care to remind the freighting interest that she has added to the value of every ton; she takes care to remind the manufacturing interest that she has brought five States and thousands of persons within the girdle of the tariff, and that the North shall manufacture for her instead of England. If she annexes Cuba, or proposes to, she reminds the manufacturer and the merchant of the same fact. She never treads on the toes of the present interest of the North.

The mercantile interest, therefore, is a gun spiked. Wealth cannot look ahead for the good time coming when the right is to triumph. She must make money now. Twelve per cent. on the ledger is better than the most flattering promises of the next generation. One per cent. a month to-day is better than the most eloquent exposition of the truth that is to triumph to-morrow. Roll O'Connell, Lamartine and Luther, as Dickens says, into one, and they would be weak and vapid against a balance on the wrong side of the ledger. You know this without my telling you of it; for we all live in a country where the sin of not being rich is only atoned for by the effort to become so (laughter).

Well, if we cannot find strength in politics, can we find it in the pulpit? Now, I am not going to blame the pulpit, particularly, because it is a Quaker gun. The gun did not make itself; it was made. The pulpit did not make itself; it was manufactured, and the fault is in the manufacturer. What sort of pulpit have we got in this country? We have got a voluntary pulpit, as it is called; we have a voluntary system of Church government—an excellent system—the only system that is possible in a republican government. But a republican government that makes us all sovereigns brings peculiar responsibilities. We have got new issues to try. It is a very good thing to be all sovereigns, but it needs we should be wide awake to protect ourselves. Sovereigns do not sleep much; Napoleon was contented with four hours in the twenty-four; and if we are all to be sovereigns, we must not sleep much on great political questions. Constant activity, eternal vigilance, is the price of liberty. Those that live under a despotism may fold their arms and go to sleep, and trust the Czar, the throne or the aristocracy, with the wealth that is growing up in the higher classes, to take care of them, after a sort. The Alps, upheld in cold and sublime majesty, are emblems of despotism; what there is of life there never moves. Republicanism has for its model the ever-restless sea, powerful only because it is ever restless. So, constant agitation, a vigilance that never slumbers, an activity of mind that is constantly dealing with the various phases of public questions that come up, that is ready to look behind words into things, that understands itself, that knows what is required of it, and is ready to do its whole duty—this is the extraordinary demand made upon us. We hold our property, our safety, everything, on the tenure of giving to the masses about us the highest moral education of which they are capable. A successful crime in any part of the country diminishes the value of every acre in the State and the safety of every child. A republican government, which places nothing behind the statute book but public opinion, no bayonet, no nobility, no colossal institutions, is bound to see to it that what institutions it has are vital, ever active, and in a reliable condition. That is the tenure upon which we hold republicanism.

Now, let us examine what our Church is. Look abroad, on the other side of the water. You see the Catholic Church. The priest, what is he? The pope makes and unmakes him, blesses him, puts him in office, gives him his intellect. Everything else except the intellect of Rome is dwarfed in him. He takes out the brain that nature gave him and puts in a patent brain, manufactured at the Propaganda college in Rome (laughter and applause). Wherever he goes, whether with Fenelon to the snows of Canada, or with Xavier to the banks of the Ganges, in the torrid zone, he receives his creative power from the pope. The child must bear the image of his father. Take English Episcopalianism—it is just the same. The pulpit is tenanted by the scions of wealth and aristocracy. They are educated in the institutions of aristocracy. When they come up, they are placed by the aristocracy, and the consequence is, they represent the aristocracy. Macaulay says well that the Episcopal Church, in consequence of this, has never, since its formation, for a hundred and fifty years, found itself even by accident once on the side of the people. It is true; the child bears the lineaments of the father.

Now, we have the voluntary system of pulpits with us. The pews create the pulpit. Is there any wonder that the pulpit reflects the pews? When you choose men to represent Wall street and State street, is it any wonder that they do represent Wall street and State street? I am not libelling the pulpit; like the old Greek, I am taking a lantern in my hand and going about at noon-day to find a man. I find one in Brooklyn (loud applause). I may go about and find here and there another. They are the exceptions—not the rule; they are men in spite, not in consequence, of the circumstances about them. They are martyrs and saints—but saints do not travel in regiments (laughter). I am speaking of the general rule, not the exception. I am laying no blame on individuals. Individuals are what you hire them to be; the blame is yours. They preach, as a general thing, according to the average public sentiment about them. Their white neck-cloth and black coat make them no better than the community in which they live. Why do I say it? Because, when you skulk in your counting-houses, and allow worthless men to be sent to Congress, you say, "It is a moral question; my minister will take care of it"; but, if he does, you send him out to starve (applause).

Wealth cannot make public opinion; it is a still and stagnant power. But it can smother it for the time being, and wealth often rules the pulpit. I lectured, not a month ago, in one of the manufacturing towns in New England, in the town hall, on the Sabbath day. Beside me sat a man who had been ejected from the pulpit of a Unitarian church in that very town, not two months since, for preaching anti-slavery. And not only that, but they put a record on the church-book that he never should be allowed to exchange even with his successor. No fault was found with him but that he preached anti-slavery. We went together to the town hall, and he preached, in the morning, on anti-slavery. The ample benches were crowded by hundreds that usually filled his church (applause). They passed directly by the door of his own old church and left his successor preaching, as I was told, to six pews' full (laughter). I said to one who was familiar with the town, "Why is this? If you liked this man, why didn't you keep him?" Said he, "The six men that sit in those pews are the six richest men in the town; they could buy us all." Said I, "They have bought you all" (laughter). The wealth of those six men had smothered public opinion for the time being—not that they had changed it—not that they had changed the heart of one single man in that audience—but they had stopped the expression of anti-slavery sentiment under the influence of the authority of that Unitarian pulpit.

What is done in one town is done in many. You know it very well. You whisper these things; you say them in your chimney-corners. The only difference between you and me is, I speak them out. The fault is in the institution. It is an inherent defect. You cannot suppose that a pulpit so constituted, made of human nature—for we have nothing but human nature to work with, and there is a great deal of it even in the clergy (laughter)—you cannot suppose that such a pulpit will be competent to rise up and lead you out of this Egypt—that it will contend single-handed without you against this colossal money power and political power.

Well, if neither in the counting-house nor in the pulpit you can find a back-bone upon which to lean in the anti-slavery cause, can you find it in politics? can you find it in parties? Where do your great men turn their eyes? Why, to Washington—to the great central power that can reward their ambition. All the topmost heads, all the energetic political action, all the flowering of ambition tend thither, to the great national centre. They are deaf to the northern breeze for the baubles of office; they tinkle so sweetly in their ears that they can hear nothing behind. They all go to Washington; it is natural they should. The widest scope is there; the administration is there, and for sixty years it has been in the hands of the Slave Power. It has fifty millions of dollars to spend annually. There are a great many infamous things to be done. Was there ever an epoch in the world's history when there was a base thing to be done that money could not buy a man to do it? Was there ever such an epoch in our country? You know the men that go up to Congress. They have good men among them; nobody denies it. There towers the grey hair and the scars of many battles on the brow of that gallant Ohio member, Joshua R. Giddings (great applause). There Adams made us forget, with ten glorious, heroic years, all the interested ambition that had clouded the mirror of his earlier life, and we buried him with tears (applause). There Hale, besides stalwart service on many a hard-fought field, brought his matchless wit, never wanting when a pro-slavery champion was to be made ridiculous in the eyes of twenty millions (applause). I could count them all up gratefully. They do good service; but alas, they are not the majority. Open the doors of that Congress House; let us look in upon them. Suppose we find them sober (laughter). Look in at that crowd of wonders; what are they made up of? We do not send A No. 1 Christians to Congress—not always. There is a class of men that go there who have done the dirty work of party so long that they must have some reward. A grateful party gives them one or two terms in Congress. They go there; they have reached the climax of their ambition and their success—two terms in Congress. Nobody knows them. Ask their next county who represents their neighbour, and they could not tell. They are men not bound to truth by some noble name that their children are to inherit, jealous of reputation. No, mingled with the herd, they dare, like the herd, to share a common sin. There are always from twenty to fifty such men just going out, never to be reelected. Now is their only time; if they are ever going to get anything, they must clutch it now. This is their harvest hour; if they don't get anything now, they are gone; they sink below the swelling surges of political oblivion and there is an end of it. To such men comes some recreant New Englander, whose ability God doubled by omitting to put a conscience in him—such a man is Caleb Cushing (laughter)—with fifty million dollars in his hand to spend, with the patronage of government to turn into that channel fifty, thirty, twenty such men, eager to be bought, anxious, perchance, that the hour may not go by before they are bought off, anxious to secure something before the clock strikes twelve. Caleb comes. Do you suppose he will fail? Are they not all unwooed, ready to be won? When, in our history, was there a great question that could not be determined by fifteen, twenty, twenty-five votes? Kansas, Texas—any of the great questions—fifteen or twenty bribed men will determine. It was a most veracious taunt of a Southerner at Washington last winter, that it was cheaper to buy a Northern Democrat than a prime slave (applause).

Well, they annex Texas, they pass the Kansas and Nebraska bill, and what is the result? The lazy North, next morning sees it in some telegraphic despatch in the *Tribune* or *Herald*, and determines that it will call a meeting at night and be indignant (laughter). And they do; they have a meeting, and they send up to the next Congress—if their virtue endures till November, which it doesn't always—an anti-Texas or anti-Nebraska delegate. The difficulty is, he comes just one train too late. The South has got Texas, and prepares to march forward to some new object. She has got Kansas and wants Cuba. The member never goes beyond his instructions. He was sent up an anti-Texas or an anti-Kansas man, and he does not know what the North would say about Cuba (laughter). He is a train too late. When Douglas brought up the Kansas bill, Mr. Everett wrote home anxiously to twelve different men, Gov. Davis among the rest, to know how far he might go in defence of the Missouri Compromise. He was not posted up on that question; he had not been home lately (laughter); he had not read the last almanac, "calculated for New England and the adjacent States" (laughter and applause). There used to be a story, when I was a boy, of a Democrat who went to a Whig caucus. Caucuses were always held in Boston on a Saturday night. It was held in a church. He had intended to contradict the speaker; but it so happened that he got very drunk and fell asleep. The doors were shut and he slept there till the next morning. The congregation assembled, and about the time the minister began to preach he awoke, and, hearing him say something about a vote being cast and Jonah's being thrown overboard, he rose to his feet and said, "It is a cursed Whig lie" (laughter). Just such are the men we send to Congress. They are always a day too late. Cuba is coming in—they are busy about Nebraska. This is always the state of affairs. Our indignation is never ready for the time being.

Then, again, it is the nature of things. You cannot keep the enthusiasm of the people at a white heat always. Enthusiasm is temporary, transient. You assemble here to-night and an eloquent man melts your hearts and makes your pulses beat in unison, and you rise to your feet and swear, with uplifted hands, eternal hostility to the slave aggression. Then you go home, and to-morrow one returns to his counting-house, another to his office, and another to his work-shop; your enthusiasm dies out in the meantime. Like the old solid square of bayonets in the centre of the field at Waterloo, the Slave Power stands silent and cold; she bides her time—she can wait till your enthusiasm has died out; and then, when a favourable crisis comes, she advances a stride. She began her Texas aggression in 1821; she let a score of waves of popular indignation beat against her bulwarks and exhaust themselves, and when one had gone off to his work-shop, and another to his business, and she saw that it was impossible to raise the excitement again upon the old question, in 1846, like the old spider that had lain and watched the expiring fly, she pounced, and Texas was hers. This is always her policy. Government can always beat the light, floating troops of popular enthusiasm. You cannot garner up popular excitement into a long life-struggle against government. The populace of Paris could not stand in eternal session against the wealth of France. They could rise, dig up the pavements, pelt Louis Phillipe out of the kingdom, place Lamartine in the Hotel de Ville, and live for twelve months on the excitement of popular success; but, by and by, over this surging wave of popular excitement the power of old institutions and capital rolls back into the Tuileries, a throne more despotic twice than Louis Phillipe's. This is always the fact of organic government, organized wealth and organized iniquity. Men expect by enthusiasm, by meetings, by parties, by surface excitement to deal with a question like this of slavery—a power which strikes its roots down through a strata out of the elements of which grow the American character—and it is supposed that politics can grapple with it. They go and call out political leaders; they ask Mr. Seward to come out an Abolitionist—just as the Greenlanders, when they want to make it warm, boil the thermometer (laughter). As if Mr. Seward could make us Abolitionists—as if he could do anything about it. We are all going down, so it seems to me, from the tendencies of the organic character of the country—we are all going down the torrent of Niagara. Beneath us roar the surges of a mighty cataract; Seward sits in his boat and advises us all to be careful to sit on the northerly side. That is all the advice he has got to give. In the meantime, the waves of wealth and of an aristocratic government overwhelm us.

The vassalage of the pulpit and the subserviency of literature are apparent all around us. Your Harpers are rich enough, certainly, to be able to afford the luxury of a conscience, and yet not able to reprint an anti-slavery English book (a biss). You ought to hiss it (great applause). I have no enmity to the Harpers. They have done a great many good works in the department of literature. They are a good exponent of the industry, energy and enterprise of this country. They stand out as the head of that fountain that brings us the literature of the old world; therefore they stand in a most important relation to the mind of this country. One of the noblest interpositions of Providence is, when it separates a nation by four thousand miles of water from another, and lets us act the part of posterity to each other. We look across the ocean and can see her scenes as a hundred years hence will see them; and she looks over to us with the same cold, disinterested, impartial gaze. God meant that this great agency of commerce should bring to us an improvement that we otherwise could not have from the rebukes of hereafter; for posterity

"somebody" has got to create public sentiment for them to use. You know, we all know, that if you give Wm. H. Seward the thunderbolt of a New York public sentiment that hates slavery, he will wield it—yes, honestly and vigorously—in behalf of freedom (loud applause). But that thunderbolt we have got to be the Vulcan to forge. Now, I think it cannot be forged under present circumstances. My reason is this: We have tried sixty years; what has it done? Where are the Abolitionists that it has made? Where the anti-slavery triumphs it has achieved? Has the South ever asked anything that she has not gained, with the single exception of the right of free speech which she madly and foolishly denied, but saw her error and withdrew her demand? With that single exception, she has always triumphed.

Where are our great men? In that grave at Marshfield lies a man that sacrificed all his New England principles for the promise of a mess of pottage, which, poor man, he never got. He is only a type of our New England great men. I affirm that the scholars are all bad that are educated in the schools of this government. I trace the history of the schools for fifty years and see the scholars of all geniuses and of all moral dispositions; they all turn out bad. I do not lay the fault on the scholars—it is the school that is at fault. The scholars are bad and they fill your pulpits, and your counting-houses, and make up your parties. It is our Union that binds us together; *that* makes New York, and tempts her with the support of New Orleans; *that* makes Webster know that South Carolina is more powerful to give him the Presidency than Massachusetts; therefore, he bows to South Carolina. It was not his fault that he never had a backbone; New England did not give him one; the schools did not furnish the article. I am for changing the schools, not for whipping the scholars. Change the schools and what would it do? Men say it is rant—that Disunion means nothing. Try it. Suppose New York to-morrow should make a party which would say, we will have our officers refuse to swear to the Constitution of the United States; we will choose men under our State Constitution, and they shall do State work. Is the nation going to die? The South cannot get a slave back if you choose it. She cannot collect customs; it is your port. Never did the Union dare, never will she dare, to face the State sovereignty that raises itself against her. Give me Massachusetts resolving that the shadow of Bunker Hill shall extend from Berkshire to the bay, and that everywhere it falls a fugitive slave shall dare to stand up and tell his name, and give it to me as a fulcrum from which to support the lever, and I will upheave this Union and break it into fragments in a dozen years (applause). Now, if you will set to work with a will and try to get a million of men and women in Massachusetts, raised up systematically, educated to the purpose, who shall take that State by the four corners and shake off the United States Constitution, and choose men to represent the State, our work will be done. Why, in the Burns case, we went around for seven days after a Governor and could not find him. If we could have only caught a Governor, we could have done something. I say, give us that State of Massachusetts, give us the port of Boston, give us that single house of refuge to try the slave influence—give us that single nucleus around which to gather the public sentiment of the North and stereotype the enthusiasm of a moment into a fact, around which New York, Ohio, Vermont and New Hampshire shall close in due time, and we will dissolve the Union or revolutionize it.

Meantime, let us look at the other end of the lever. What is South Carolina about? She is trained up to support herself. Suppose her thrown up by the change; suppose the wealth and customs of New York and Boston, and the industry of Ohio, do not pour into the national treasury; suppose half-a-dozen slave States left together; what have they got to do? They have got to support themselves. Well, government is an expensive matter in the nineteenth century. Labour has a keen appetite; you know that well, in these hard times, and I need not enlarge upon it. The Southern States have got to levy taxes upon labour to support their government. They have got more than common expenses to meet. More than half the population of South Carolina is in chains, and the other half has got to keep them down. That is an expensive process in this age. They must have a high tariff at Charleston. Can uneducated labour bear it in the nineteenth century? Can uneducated labour compete with educated? You know it cannot. You have got, then, to educate these slaves to enable them to bear a high tariff. Educate a slave! Put gunpowder in your cellar, and then send a furnace of Lehigh coal down after it, and then go to sleep. Look at a recent discussion in Virginia; one slaveholder proposing to send slaves into national workshops to make them mechanics, and another slaveholder saying you must not do it; we cannot live if you do. This is the problem; a volcano underneath, and starvation above. That is disunion; not muskets, not blood, not men and women with their throats cut, not slave insurrections. No, not at all; but the laws of labour fighting for freedom, as God meant they should. All the slave asks of you is, not to draw a sword nor load a musket. He says, only take your New England black-coats out of the sunshine, that the laws of trade will bring to bear upon me, and it will melt my chains fast enough; let me get up into that competition of free and slave labour by which my master must give me education or starve, and that is all I want. Disunion guarantees education, and education guarantees liberty (applause).

In the meantime, what does disunion do at the North? Why, the Harpers will dare to print books without mutilation, just as they come to us from England. The Sunday School Library Society will dare to print anti-slavery tracts without apologizing for them, because they have only the Northern market to supply. Dr. Gardiner Spring will dare to pray that God will break every yoke and not fear that He will dash the Union in pieces accidentally when He does it (applause and hisses). He says now he dare not—he said so in 1851. Like the Swiss peasants walking about in July, he dare not speak a word for freedom for fear the avalanche will come down; he dare not read the 58th chapter of Isaiah in a loud tone in his church, for fear of a dissolution of the Union. Let us have the 58th chapter of Isaiah read in a loud tone all over the land (applause). Let us have the Gardiner Spring of Newburyport back again, who used to pray, in the stentorian voice of 1780, that the Lord would overturn and overturn until He whose right it is should rule. He did not fear bringing down any government on his head (applause). I like Gardiner Spring the first a great deal better than Gardiner Spring the second.

This reminds me of a remark that was made about the Abolitionists by the very eloquent lecturer that preceded me last week, the Rev. Mr. Bellows. And, in speaking of that lecture, let me acknowledge, as you all do, the rare ability and candour, the singular insight into the anti-slavery cause, and the noble and frank utterance that pervaded that effort of one who has often spoken well for liberty before he stood here (applause). At the same time, he thought it necessary to charge on the Abolitionists, of whom I must be one, that we had lacked a due degree of carefulness in getting our facts in regard to the charge that we made against his colleague, the Rev. Dr. Dewey, of having said that he would return his mother into slavery to save the Union. I have no desire now to prolong that controversy. But I cannot consent, as an Abolitionist whose only claim to popular influence is, a truth and carefulness in the examination of facts, and a perfect fidelity, before bringing any charge against an individual, to examine into its truth—I cannot, as an Abolitionist whose only claim is his reputation for truth and caution, consent to stand under that charge uncontradicted. I never made that charge against Dr. Dewey on the faith of newspaper reports. I made individual inquiry in two, three and four towns where he delivered the lecture, and not until I was satisfied by abundant individual testimony that he did say the word did I bring the charge against him. I am glad now that he withdraws it. I accept the apology, no matter in what form he chooses to make it to the American people; but it was not mere rhetoric, as the eloquent speaker called it. He was the reverential head, as Mr. Bellows called him, of the great Unitarian denomination. He was endeavouring to bring that great denomination to the support of the Slave Power under the Compromise acts. It was a terrible moment; the odds were fully against us. Mr. Webster was counselling Massachusetts to smother her prejudices. All over the country the great names in politics and the pulpit were trying to subdue public sentiment into obedience to the Fugitive Slave law. At such a moment, a man of the unspotted reputation of Dr. Dewey volunteered such a remark as that which he was publicly reported to have made. We commented upon it; he never took it back—never explained it, never corrected a public report which went broadcast over the land. He did not deign to do it so long as a censure of the Abolitionists only elevated him into greater popularity with the masses. It was only when the slow pointing finger of European scorn was fastened upon him—it was only when the sober second thought of the majority began to throw aside a disgraced tool which it had been glad to use for its purpose—it was only then that he condescended to say that he "*thought*" he had not used the word. The apology comes; let us take it, no matter when it comes. It acknowledges, at least, that there is so much public sentiment in favour of anti-slavery that Dr. Dewey has learned to respect it. Thank God for the progress (applause).

Our disunion—to return from this episode—would oblige the South to support itself, to educate its slaves or free them. At the North, it would free the pulpit; it would free the press; it would free the merchants. We should be like Liverpool or London, comparatively free from the incubus of slavery. It would free the politics. Our Websters would no longer go down to Washington; they could stand safely here at home. Now, whenever you build an anti-slavery party in New England, you may launch it in the coldest northern waters; you may baptize it with the most glorious anti-slavery names; but the moment it reaches the great ocean of national life, the moment it nears the great magnetic mountain, like Sinbad's vessel, all the iron bolts are drawn out, and it goes to pieces. We should have an anti-slavery craft that could sail up and down New England and hold together; it should sail the whole year through and perform anti-slavery service. Our politics would be redeemed; we would have a North; our weathercocks would all point north. You would not need that I should be here preaching anti-slavery. O, let Caleb Cushing be mad enough to provoke a war with Spain for Cuba; let the grass grow on Long wharf and Wall street; what a crop of Abolitionists we should have (laughter). One such fatal mistake, and this Tabernacle would not hold the people that would attend a course of anti-slavery lectures. I wish they would make it.

But disunion could do without it. We should then stand on our own feet; we should then make fire fight fire. Then the cry of "the Union is in danger" would mean nothing; then patriotism would be on our side; and then the Northerner would hate slavery as the Scotchman hates the Englishman, as the Englishman hates the Frenchman; for we always hate our nearest neighbours. We should have all the elements of national character. We should make the laws of God, of trade, of industry, of selfishness fight against this great central money power. Let us persevere. Speak the truth, no matter whom it cuts, or what reputation is hunted down. No matter what great name stands between us and slavery, as long as it stands there, it ought to be hunted down. Cling to the Yankee right of asking questions; never yield the right of a man to criticise his servant. All public men are our servants; never yield it. They say we take the names of great men into our mouths and deal irreverently with them. If their skins are so thin that they cannot bear to be criticised, let them go into private life (applause). The book I buy I have a right to criticise; I have bought the right to criticise. If the man that I pay eight dollars a day to represent me at Washington does not represent me rightly, I shall tell him and the public so. If he don't like it, he had better not take the wages, but go home (applause). We are sovereigns; these are our agents to do our bidding. They are to represent public opinion or retire. They are to bear the rough criticism of public life. It is a beautiful thing, doubtless, says Richter, when an eagle soars up aloft in the clear blue and balances her wings, bathed in the sunlight, but more beautiful still when she darts down through the tempest to the stormy mountain top where her young ones shiver and need to be fed. So it is very beautiful, he continues, when the scholar, in the privacy of his own study, reads out a poetic abstract truth; and perhaps some may think it right to fold the arms, and look down on the dusty arena of practical life, criticise its ungraceful gestures, and disown its beauties. But more beautiful than the eagle bathed in sunlight is it to come down into the arena and join hands on either side with your brother man, however ungraceful, and help him labour to make the world better than he found it (applause).

So, friends, let us never cease from this wholesome agitation, from showing the absolute truth, from letting the light stream into the very recesses of American life. Let us not deceive ourselves or allow others to be deceived by words, no matter how holy, institutions however venerable, or great names however sacred. We have a great work to do. The slave demands the truth of us, of men and of institutions. Neither let us faint, neither let us grow weary, neither let us uttter a weary word. Herodotus says that there lay in front of one of the Egyptian temples a colossal stone, of many thousand pounds, which Amesis, the king, had ordered to be brought a hundred miles from a quarry; and when it reached, after three years' labour, the vestibule of the temple, one of the engineers sighed as he let it down. A sacrifice to God, said the king, should be a willing sacrifice; let not the stone be used in the temple. And so we say; though generations roll over our heads, though the work be long and seemingly wasted, let no sigh of regret pollute the sacrifice; but, with willing and buoyant hearts, let us lay ourselves ever fresh on the altar of this great effort to raise three millions of men and women to their rights and their humanity, and vindicate our government in the face of the world (loud applause).

TALES OF FUGITIVE SLAVES.

A RECENT flying visit to Canada afforded me a chance meeting with several fugitives, whom it had been my happiness to put on board the underground railroad. One of them, an excellent mechanic, who had recently resided in Boston, favoured me with the following items of his history:

"I had made proposals to buy myself. The price put upon me was $1,400. The papers were drawn up, and, to the first of August, I had paid the sum of $1,100—which left due but $300. But there it raised bitterness between my owners and myself, and they demanded the $300 immediately, which they knew I could not pay. Therefore they put me in a slave-trader's office, to sell me, and defrauded me of all I had gained; but, by the help of some kind white friends, I was shipped as a sailor on board of a vessel as a freeman, which enabled me to get on to the glorious land of New England."

And yet, New England, with all its glory, could not secure him from the man-thief. He continued:

"On my way to Canada, I met with a gentleman in the cars, who knew me and my old folks in ——. I felt very curious all the day travelling, though he spoke to me kindly.

"I bless the Lord that he has broken the chains from my hands and the fetters from my feet, that here I may not be afraid of the bloodhounds. Since reaching here, I have assisted in establishing a Sabbath School, and am trying to do all the good I can.

"I hear that my owners have offered a reward of $200 for my head. As God has blessed me to get here, I don't think they will ever see me again. * * * * *

"May the blessing of God rest on you and the Boston friends!"

One noble specimen of a man, a few weeks since, made good his arrival in Canada. He had twice before escaped from slavery, but had been recaptured. Believing that 'the third time never fails,' he made another attempt, and safely reached Boston, and while walking down State street, over the spot where Attucks fell, and over which Sims and Burns were dragged back to slavery, he exhibited a pistol loaded and capped, declaring that he had resolved to die rather than be again any man's slave.

I met an intelligent man, who owed his liberty to the well-devised stratagem of first sending a female relative away, who stayed so long that the credulous owner sent the man's wife to bring the wanderer home; but the wife, also, availing herself of the distance that lent enchantment to her view of liberty, waited for the husband, and the trio then proceeded to Victoria's land, from whence they have by letter informed their claimants that their visit is not yet completed.

A young man, in his flight for freedom, discovered, when safe in Canada, that the key of his master's store was in his pocket. His conscientiousness prompted him to send it back. The fact being talked of in the social circles, other slaves learned his locality, and this key opened the cabin of freedom to other "Uncle Toms."

One young woman told me that she had never said master or mistress to her owners, addressing them only by their names. She learned to read by taking books from the family library; and when they could not be returned without leading to a discovery, they were put into the kitchen fire. She evinced a *burning* desire for knowledge.

Laura S. Haviland, one of those noble women devoted to the cause of Canadian fugitives from American slavery, has now in charge the young woman of whom C. C. Foote has published the following facts:

"QUEEN ADELAIDE ('*Zilla*'), a beautiful Quadroon maiden of nineteen summers, with blue eyes and a rich mass of curls sweeping a pair of finely moulded shoulders, started from Kentucky in search of 'a better country.' Thirty minutes after, tidings reached her ears of her sale, for the pretty sum of *fifteen hundred dollars*, to become the paramour of a young devil of the chivalry, who, learning of her flight, placed a nuptial coronal of *five hundred dollars* REWARD upon her head; swearing he would have her, if he had to put one foot in hell! Can't come it, sir! You will have *both* feet in that 'tight fix,' unless 'shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace' before the beauty of 'Zilla' shall gladden your lecherous eyes.

"Eighteen hours from the time she first gazed upon the cross on the British flag, Zilla entered school in Canada, and is now preparing herself for a teacher."

Another woman from Louisville, on reaching Windsor, wrote back to the widow who claimed the right of her person. She says that nothing but her desire for freedom would have tempted her to leave Mrs. J. and the little children she had nursed so long and faithfully. She had the promise of freedom at 25, but is now 40, without the blessed privilege of breathing free air until she arrived in Canada. The first impressions of a free country have fully met her former anticipations.

I met, over in Detroit, an aged man, who was hastening to the Windsor ferry. He said: "I have been so long away from the South, I don't expect my folks are looking for me. Yet I never feel safe this side of the ferry. When I am in Canada, I feel free every minute of the day." From him I received confirmation of what others have told me, that the fugitives generally found work, and were prospering. Land is cheap, and to those coloured Americans disposed to leave the States, an inducement is here presented. Statistics in any number can be shown in proof that coloured farmers and mechanics are reaping the reward of industry and enterprise.

In reference to a rumour emanating from disaffected parties, the Toronto *Old Countryman* of Sept. 21, 1854, publishes this disclaimer:

"Complaints have been made to us that some difficulties are placed in the way of coloured people buying land in Canada. *No one has a right to make such distinction.* Any properly authenticated case shall be referred to the authorities below. Every man in Canada, of whatever colour, is free, and entitled to the *protection* of British law."

The suspension of the *Voice of the Fugitive*, by the decease of its editor, Henry Bibb, is much lamented. It fulfilled a mission in that portion of Canada which no other instrumentality is equal to, in calling out the energies of the coloured settlers, contributing to an interchange of thought and action between them and other residents, and being an organ of communication for the anti-slavery friends in the States.—*Liberator.*—W. C. N.

FUGITIVE SLAVES IN CANADA.

A MARYLAND CONSTABLE TRYING TO CORRUPT THE SHERIFF OF MONTREAL.

From The Montreal Gazette, January 13, 1855.

CAN SUCH THINGS BE?—*A Proposition for Kidnapping!*—We were yesterday (the day of its reception) furnished with a copy of the subjoined letter. We lay it before our readers for their enlightenment with regard to the encroachments of the Slave Power. Not content with turning the free States of their own Union into a hunting-ground for fugitive slaves—not content with imposing a law upon the country which makes every freeman in the United States legally bound to be aiding and assisting the slaveholders in recovering their man-chattels, they venture to pursue their game still further, and to attempt to tarnish free and unstained British ground with their damning traffic in them.

Our readers were informed last summer of an attempt made in Upper Canada similar to that proposed by this ruffian Pope, which was signally discomfited after it had proceeded so far as to amount to an overt act of kidnapping, as well as of the project to entice away a fugitive slave in the employ of R. H. Stephens, Esq., of this city, which was also promptly met and defeated. We have now a cool project from a Maryland constable and slave-hunter to the head of our police force, asking him to break the laws of God and his country, and become a partner to a wholesale scheme to kidnap the poor coloured men who have taken refuge among us. We know not whether Mr. Hays intends answering his most insulting epistle at all; but if he does, we know full well what his answer will be.

We know how fiercely he will spurn so outrageous a proposal, as would all others in Canada, save the basest and most abject of God's creatures who dwell amongst us. And we have one word of advice to give Mr. Pope, which is this, that he will do well not to venture one inch beyond the frontier in pursuance of his object. We happen to know that the inhabitants of the frontier, though generally a law-abiding people, have a holy horror of slavery and all its promoters, and clever Mr. Pope might come in for some peculiarly disagreeable manifestations of their righteous indignation. He might, indeed, go back a coloured man himself.

We have no desire to counsel violence towards any man, but such a proposition as that we have just read in this negro-hunter's letter rouses a spirit of indignation which prevents all half reflection. If ever the taking of the law into one's own hands were justifiable, it would be in such a case as this. We will not trust ourselves to write more about it to-day, but can only cry shame on the man who would so degrade himself as to make such a proposition! Triple shame on the people whose laws sanction his conduct! And we may thank God once more, and rejoice, that their country is not ours—that we have no share or participation in their sin:

FREDERICK, MARYLAND,
United States of America,
January 1, 1855.

To the Chief of Police, Montreal, Canada:

DEAR SIR: Though the laws of your Province preclude slavery, and you may deem it improper that I should address you relative to that question, which has created so great sectional animosity at home and elicited such disapproval abroad—still, believing that a sense of justice influences every right-thinking man in the formation of his judgment and the mode of his conduct, I have taken the liberty, which, if it meets not with views alike to mine, will be pardoned.

Vast numbers of slaves, escaping from their masters or owners, succeed in reaching your Provinces, and are, therefore without the pale of the "Fugitive Slave law," and can only be restored by cunning, together with skill.

Large rewards are offered and will be paid for their return, and could I find an efficient person to act with me, a great deal of money could be made, as I would equally divide. Many are willing to come after writing to that effect. The only apprehension we have in approaching too far into Canada is the fear of being arrested; and had I a good assistant in your city who would induce the negroes to the frontier, I would be there to pay the cash. On your answer, I can furnish names and descriptions of negroes, which will fully reward the trouble.

Answer either to accept or decline.

Yours, JOHN H. POPE,
Police officer and constable.

A FUGITIVE'S ESCAPE FROM THE KIDNAPPERS.

From the Boston Telegraph of January 10th.

WE stop the press to announce that a warrant was issued this forenoon by CHARLES LEVI WOODBURY, of this city, U. S. Slave Law Commissioner, for the arrest of a coloured man named JOHN JACKSON, of late residing in this city, as a fugitive from "service and labour" in Georgia.

The claimant in the case is one Capt. Fox, the brother-in-law of the alleged owner.

Jackson had been employed on a coasting vessel between Virginia and Georgia.

Although every preparation had been made for the capture of Jackson, it gives us pleasure to state that—thanks to the efforts of the Vigilance Committee!—he is now rapidly on his way to a land "where the wicked cease from troubling."

From the same of January 11th.

THE foregoing appeared in a postscript edition of the *Telegraph* yesterday afternoon. Some further particulars may prove interesting.

Jackson, the alleged fugitive, came to Boston some six or eight weeks since. Prior to that time he was employed on a coasting vessel running between Virginia and Georgia, commanded by the Capt. Fox above alluded to. Fox is a small-sized man, with dark hair and beard, wearing also a moustache.

On Tuesday evening, as Jackson was returning homewards from his work, he was accosted by a white man, who, from the description given, answers very well for a noted slave-catcher of this city, and asked if his name was not Jackson. He replied that it was none of his business what his name was. The interrogator then asked Jackson where he lived, to which he evasively replied, "in Cambridgeport." The parties then separated.

Yesterday morning, early as six o'clock, the interrogator, answering in appearance to the same slave-catcher, was found at the Cambridge bridge, anxiously awaiting the entrance into the city of some one whom he doubtless thought resided on the other side of the river. Though he remained there till somewhat late in the forenoon, the man he was looking for did not appear in that direction. A posse of officers, in company with the person recognised as Capt. Fox, went to a hair-dressing saloon, about noon, at the North end, where it was thought Jackson might be, and represented that they had "papers" for him. The proprietor, however, was in a state of happy ignorance.

Yesterday forenoon, a note was left at the place of business of a prominent coloured citizen, saying that if he knew a man named John Jackson, he should advise him to place himself at once in a situation of safety, as the hounds were in town from Georgia. The duty was promptly performed, and assurance given Jackson that if he chose to remain in the city he should not lack arms or friends to assist in the preservation of his liberty. If he remained, however, he must make up his mind to see blood flow, even to death possibly. If he decided otherwise, then he should be conveyed out of the city as quickly as possible. With a knowledge of the fate of poor Sims and Burns, and the inability of a few friends to withstand the power of the United States Government, he said he would leave the city. Accordingly he was taken in charge of, and in a short time was leaving, in company of good friends, as rapidly as steam would allow, the city of Faneuil Hall, overshadowed by Bunker's monument.

While the friends of Jackson were thus arranging for his safety, his pursuers were also on the alert. Emerging from the Revere House, where he tarries unregistered, the valiant Capt. Fox seeks the Fugitive Slave Bill Commissioner. He finds his office vacant, but leaves his compliments in a brief note. He returns soon after and says, "The man is in town; the papers may as well be at once made out"; and takes himself off to see the result of the game. Afternoon comes, however, and he finds that a long distance intervenes between himself and his prey, and the hunt is up!

Jackson accurately described the personal appearance of Fox, being the same as that of his pursuer, who visited the Commissioner. Jackson is a large, stalwart man, of unusual strength, and has been employed on the wharves since his arrival in the city. He would have fought desperately, had he deemed it of avail—but, alas! he faltered when he thought of recent events in Puritan Boston!

From the same of January 16th.

JOHN JACKSON, THE FUGITIVE.—The following is an extract from a private letter from a gentleman in Worcester:

"It appears to be no secret here that John Jackson is in this city, and *not* in Canada. His friends advise him to remain here, if he can find work, and he is disposed to do so, being a man of Herculean strength and not easily frightened. Besides, you know, we have taken the ground that 'Worcester is Canada to the slave.' At any rate, I have heard men express the hope that if Butman is anxious for Mr. Jackson's society, he will come to Worcester and enjoy it."

This statement as to Jackson's great strength and courage is not exaggerated. We have had a conversation with one of the firm in whose employment he was at the time of the search for him. This gentleman says that Jackson would take up a barrel of flour with his hands and shoulder it with the greatest ease. He is also exceedingly agile, having on one occasion, in the store, jumped eleven feet, from a standing position, and remained standing at the end of his leap.

BUTMAN AGAIN IN TROUBLE.

"THE way of the transgressor is hard." *Asa O. Butman*, the miscreant who was concerned in the capture of poor Sims and the unhappy and doomed Burns, seems likely to realize the truth of the proverb. The *Evening Telegraph* of Wednesday says: "Yesterday morning, upon entering the capitol, many of the members of the Legislature were indignant at finding on duty at the foot of the stairs leading to the assembly chambers—where he had been placed to keep the public generally from filling the House in their eagerness to hear the Governor's inaugural—the notorious *Asa O. Butman*, so infamously known for his ready service in the slave cases of Boston. The information that *that* menial was thus employed soon rapidly spread among the members, and was the cause of considerable feeling. Some were for removing him forthwith by a personal demonstration, while others surrounded the Sergeant-at-Arms, entreating him to dismiss him at once. Others threatened to bring the insult to the attention of the House the moment it was called to order. One individual even drew up the following order, with the intent of presenting it as soon as the Speaker assumed the chair:

"'Whereas, it appears that one Asa O. Butman is in attendance this day, within this building, as an officer on duty; and whereas, said Butman is deservedly execrated in this community for his participancy in the rendition into slavery of Thomas Sims and Anthony Burns; therefore,

"'Ordered, That the Sergeant-at-Arms be requested forthwith to dismiss said Butman from the service of the State, so far as his authority extends.'

"Before the order could be presented, however, the Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Stevens, had taken the initiative, and issued directions that the services of the paltroon were not longer needed in that vicinity; and his absence being noted, the order was not introduced."—*Liberator.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 20, 1855.

☞ ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—The Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Boston, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, January 24th and 25th—to which all who take an interest in the Anti-Slavery Movement, whatever may be their views on the subject, are cordially invited—the platform being free to all, in order that error may be exposed and the truth established. The members and friends of the Society, in particular, are expected to give a cheering attendance, animated by a spirit that knows nothing of weariness, unquenchable in its zeal, indomitable in its purpose, sagacious, resolute, uncompromising.

In behalf of the Board of Managers,

FRANCIS JACKSON, President.

Robert F. Wallcut, Rec. Sec.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

IT is evident that the acting officers of this Society feel uncomfortable. Their long-continued silence on the slavery question, and their public avowal that this silence is to be unbroken for the future, have excited wide-spread dissatisfaction in the religious community. Religious newspapers are finding fault, Pastors are discontinuing congregational collections, churches are remonstrating, and ecclesiastical councils are passing condemnatory resolutions. In the meantime, a new Tract Society, rebuking slaveholding, as well as other sins, is gradually attracting both friends and funds.

For the old Society to enter into any farther vindication of its policy would be undignified, and would make matters worse instead of better. To retrace its steps, and to acknowledge that to deny to millions of our fellow-countrymen the privilege of searching the Scriptures, the right of marriage, &c., &c., is sinful, would be to confess that it had grievously erred.

Hence it is that the officers alluded to feel uncomfortable and not very amiable. This feeling is displayed in an editorial article in the last October number of the *American Messenger*, a periodical issued by the Society. The article in question is entitled "SOCIAL NOSTRUMS." In this effusion, we are told "There are as many 'pills,' and 'plasters,' and 'panaceas' for society now-a-days as for individual ailments. Some of them are imported, and some of them are of home production." The editor goes on to enumerate various classes of "EMPIRICS." One of these includes those who "WOULD PRACTICALLY WITHHOLD THE GOSPEL UNTIL CERTAIN EVILS ARE REMEDIED, AND MEN BECOME ENOUGH BETTER TO DESERVE IT."

This was, no doubt, deemed very smart and very severe, and, at the same time, very discreet, since, as no names are mentioned, and no particular measures specified, no responsibility was supposed to be incurred. Notwithstanding all this caution, no one acquainted with the present state of religious feeling at the North in relation to slavery, and the duty of the Church in regard to it, can fail to understand the intent and bearing of this portentous and extraordinary passage. The Empirics here stigmatized are, beyond all question, those who contend that the violations of the Divine law necessarily and indissolubly connected with American slavery, and perpetually caused by it, should be regarded and treated as sins. These Empirics may be divided into three classes. First, all who object to the neutral policy of the Tract Society. Secondly, all who concur in the principle announced by the great "Congregational Convention," at Albany, in their resolution—"That it is the duty of Missionary Societies to grant aid to churches in slaveholding States, in support of such ministers *only* as shall *so* preach the Gospel, and inculcate the principles and application of Gospel principles, that, with the blessing of God, it shall have its full effect in awakening and enlightening the moral sense in regard to slavery, and in bringing to pass the speedy abolition of that stupendous wrong; and that wherever a minister is not permitted so to preach, *he should, in accordance with the directions of Christ, in such cases, 'depart out of that city.'*" The third class of Empirics are those of the American Board who have instructed their Missionaries among the slaveholding Indians not to comply with a sinful law enacted for perpetuating the ignorance and degradation of their slaves.

Now, all these, we are given to understand, would *practically* withhold the Gospel till slavery is abolished, and the present holders of slaves thus become enough better to deserve it. Not satisfied with thus insinuating motives and measures no less absurd than unchristian, the editor declares that "The radical and insidious error of all this QUACKERY *savours of infidelity.* A false philosophy usurps the place of divine revelation; and human woes (slavery, we suppose) are read in the smoke of German Kantism, or the fumes of French Fourierism, instead of the light that streams from inspired pages." Then we have the wonderful discovery that the *only* adequate remedy for social evils "is one that makes men better singly, *man by man.*" Of course, all laws for the observance of the Sabbath, the suppression of brothels and grog-shops, the abolition of slavery, &c., &c., are *empirical.* Next comes the grand panacea for all moral evils, and which is itself the most impudent of all quackeries, or the most blessed and effectual of all remedies, according to the *sense* in which the words are used, viz.: "The weighty truth cannot be too deeply impressed on the public mind, that the glorious Gospel of the blessed God is the only adequate remedy for sin, the only reliable agent of moral and social reform."

It will be admitted, at least by all Protestants, that the "glorious Gospel" is contained in the Bible. But is the mere distribution of the Scriptures "the only reliable agent of social and moral reform"? If so, why the Tract Society? If the Gospel ministry and Gospel ordinances be divine institutions, then the Gospel contained in the printed Bible is not the only agent of reform, except so far as it is the *source* of all other truly Christian agencies. The Gospel is the declared will of God. This will is either expressly revealed, or is *inferred* from facts and principles which are revealed. Hence the Tract Society condemns, as inconsistent with the requisitions of the Gospel, many customs and practices not even mentioned in the Bible, as novel-reading, card-playing, &c. Now, the Gospel, to prove a remedy, must be administered to the diseased. Occasionally the patient, through divine grace, administers it to himself, through prayer and the study of the word. Sometimes the Gospel is administered by friends and religious publications. Above all, the great and special agency designed and provided by God for applying the truths, the precepts, and the principles of the Bible to the understanding and the hearts of men, is the CHRISTIAN MINISTRY. Hence the Ministry, in connection with the Church, is frequently, but most erroneously, designated "the Gospel." The Physician is mistaken for the Medicine, and the CHURCH is supposed by multitudes to be that "only adequate remedy for sin, that only reliable agent of moral and social reform," proclaimed by the Tract Society. Ministers and churches are all fallible and oftentimes exceedingly corrupt. Frequent and terrible were the rebukes administered to the Priests and Prophets of the Jewish Church. "The Pastors are become brutish, and have not sought the Lord; therefore, they shall not prosper, and their flocks shall be scattered." "A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land. The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so" (Jer.). "With lies ye have made the heart of the righteous sad, whom I have not made sad; and strengthened the hands of the wicked that he should not return from his wicked way, *by promising him life*" (Ezek. &c.). And what of Christian ministers? "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you, depart from me, ye that work iniquity." "Many shall come in my name and deceive many." And St. Peter warns us "there shall be false teachers among you." "Many," said Christ, "shall come in my name and shall deceive many."

All history, all observation, teaches us that the professed Ministers of Christ do not invariably preach his Gospel nor urge upon their hearers obedience to his precepts. Every species of iniquity has had its clerical apologists and advocates, from the Inquisition of Spain to our own atrocious Fugitive Slave law. Hence, to send forth Missionaries is not necessarily to send the Gospel; and hence we may decline contributing to the support of certain Missionaries, without incurring the guilt of withholding the Gospel, either in theory or practice. Almost every Missionary sent into the Slave States preaches there a mutilated Gospel, omitting all reference to the great and peculiar sin of that region, unless it be to justify it, both by participating in it himself and vindicating it in his teaching. It will hardly be pretended by the Tract Society that the present Southern CHURCH is an adequate remedy for the abominations of slavery, when, with but very few exceptions, its ministers are the champions of human bondage. When a Bishop holds that without a new revelation from Heaven, no man is authorized to pronounce slavery *wrong*—when a Right Reverend slave-breeder has a yearly crop of babies worth eighteen hundred dollars—when ecclesiastical councils vote slavery to be Christian—when slaves are included among church property—when if a minister is not a slaveholder, it is, as a general rule, because his "poverty, not his will, consents," shall our common sense be any longer insulted by the dogma that the CHURCH is the true remedy for slavery and all other moral evils?

The American Tract Society professes to inculcate the Gospel, and, of course, professes to be a reliable agent of reform, and yet it gives no sign to the world that any one of its officers is less eager to own a gang of Negroes than the Irish demagogue John Mitchell.

Many hold the opinion, that the Society should avow, as a principle of the Gospel, that God is no respecter of persons, and that His commands to love mercy and do justice are as imperative in regard to our treatment of black as of white men; and, also, that sins of crimson-dye and wide-spread commission are equally deserving of rebuke with such as are venial in their character and limited in practice. But such opinions, it would seem, savour of infidelity, and tend practically to withhold the Gospel. Why? Evidently because the sin is *popular* in Church and State, and to assail it will render the sinners hostile to the assailants, and unwilling to hear more of the Gospel from them. How far is this cautious policy in regard to popular sins to be carried? May not the New Zealanders be told it is wrong to roast and eat their prisoners—the Hindoos that it is wicked to burn widows, and our own Mormons that polygamy is unchristian?

Is it, indeed, true that those who refuse to send Missionaries to these several people, unless they are willing and permitted to utter unpopular truths, are practically withholding the Gospel till certain evils are removed and men are enough better to deserve it?

The mission of the Tract Society, it would seem from the official declaration of its Secretary, is to proclaim "Christ and Him crucified"; and yet the Society appears to have very indistinct ideas of the contents of this proclamation. The condemnation of dancing, card-playing, exhibitions of horsemanship in the circus, novel-reading, &c., being found in this proclamation, the Society is valiant in its assaults on these sins. Millions in our land are, without being charged with crime, deprived of the conjugal and parental relations, prevented from reading the Scriptures, robbed of every civil and religious right, and sold in the market with beasts of the field. Among these millions are thousands and tens of thousands of the children of the very men who are thus crushing them in the dust—children, as of old, sacrificed to Moloch by their own parents! But the proclamation of Christ and Him crucified has, it seems, no reference to these abominations, and hence the Society has given official and public notice that it has no word of condemnation to utter against them, and will have none in future!

For years the American Board pursued the same cautious policy in regard to its missions among the slaveholding Indians. Their Missionaries, as is officially acknowledged, did not aim "to exert any direct influence, either by their public *or private* teachings, on the subject of slavery." And how far did these Missionaries commend themselves to the Indians by their prudent compromising course? In a late address of the Choctaw Chief to the Indian Council, he tells them, in reference to the Missionaries: "It was our money that brought them thither, and surely our money can bring us again as good, if not better, teachers." Thus, after long experience of these quiet, conciliating, acquiescing teachers, the Indians, far from believing them influenced by the love of God and the salvation of souls, discovered in them no higher than pecuniary motives.

Let us now turn to the "Empirics," who, as we are taught, "practically withhold the Gospel till certain evils are removed, and the people become enough better to deserve it." The American Missionary Association employs no Missionary who declines to preach against slavery when among slaveholders. From its last report, it appears that eight churches in Kentucky and six in North Carolina have been formed on the principle of non-fellowship with slaveholders, and that the "United Brethren" have twelve churches in Kentucky of the same character. Thus there are, in these two States, TWENTY-SIX churches teaching that the proclamation of Jesus Christ and Him crucified *does* condemn American slavery. The colporteurs of the Society are distributing religious and anti-slavery tracts, and one itinerant Missionary, at the last account, had no less than thirty appointments in Kentucky for preaching an anti-slavery gospel. "It is now proved," says the Report, "that in some, at least, of the slave States a free and pure Gospel can be preached, and the sin of slaveholding can be rebuked."

What glory to God, what happiness to man, would now be yielded by the slave States, had their ministers of Christ, for the last fifty years, fearlessly and faithfully applied to the slave-breeders, holders, and traders, the "*Nostrum*" condemned by the American Tract Society. Ah! such "*Empirics*" and such "*quackery*" would have saved the whole nation from the deep, the awful guilt of the Nebraska Villany.

KIDNAPPING IN WISCONSIN.

THE rescue of the fugitive slave, Glover, at Milwaukee—the decision of the State Court against the constitutionality of the Fugitive law—the indictment and conviction of Rycraft for aiding in the rescue—the indictment of S. M. Booth for the same offence, and the efforts of the United States authorities to secure the indictment and conviction of others, are facts already familiar to our readers. We are now enabled to open a new chapter in the history of kidnapping in Wisconsin.

The U. S. District Court (Judge Miller presiding) commenced its term at Milwaukee on the 1st inst. U. S. Marshal Ableman, having been prosecuted by the claimant of the escaped fugitive for his market value, is deeply interested in securing the conviction of those who are charged with aiding the rescue, because, if the master can rec

POLITICS.

Mr. Soulé has either resigned the Mission to Spain, or been recalled, and the Hon. J. C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, has been appointed to succeed him.

——The election of Napoleon Bonaparte Giddings, a Benton Democrat (said to be opposed to slavery), as Delegate to Congress from Nebraska, is a bitter pill for the slaveholders. Of 653 votes—the whole number cast—he received 391—a majority of 129.

——The contest for United States Senator in the Wisconsin Legislature will probably be a warm one. Various candidates are proposed, among them Ichabod Codding. There will be a strong effort on the part of the Hunkers to elect some half-hearted anti-slavery man, it being impossible to choose one of their own stripe.

——The Legislature of Missouri has made various ineffectual attempts to elect a United States Senator, to succeed Atchison, whose term expires on the fourth of March. There are three parties, viz.: Benton Democrats, anti-Benton Democrats, and Whigs. Neither of these has a majority, and hitherto all efforts at fusion have failed. On the last ballot, the anti-Benton Democrats, for the sake of securing the votes of Benton's friends, dropped their chief (Atchison) and substituted Judge Scott, of the Supreme Court, and Governor Price. But not a Bentonian vote was gained. The Whig vote is cast for Gen. A. W. Doniphan, who is himself a member of the Legislature, and gets no Democratic support. At this rate, there will be no election for Senator this Winter.

——The excitement in the Massachusetts Legislature, and among the people of the State generally, on the question of United States Senator, is intense. Hon. Henry Wilson, the well-known Free Soil leader, was nominated by a Know-Nothing caucus of the members of the House last week; but when the day assigned for an election on the part of that body came round, his opponents were strong enough to procure a postponement for one week, the vote to that effect standing 235 to 197. We understand that letters from Southern Know-Nothings (those of Virginia more particularly) are pouring into Massachusetts, beseeching that the *party* may not be ruined in its prospects at the South by the election of Wilson, and, as he has many bitter and unscrupulous enemies among the old politicians of the State, we shall not be surprised if the effort to elect him proves a failure.

——The supporters of Douglas in the Illinois Legislature, after conspiring with their chief to extend slavery over Kansas and Nebraska, are striving to make expiation by a pretended zeal in favour of the cause of Colonization. The Governor, in his message, recommends an appropriation for the object, and his suggestion has been followed up by corresponding action in the Legislature. A correspondent of the *Tribune* says:

"The transparent hypocrisy involved in the proposition is apparent. This day the black man has an unredressed wrong in this State, the monstrous nature of which will hardly be removed by this spasmodic zeal, as wicked as it is unreal, and wicked *because* unreal, in favour of a project of doubtful justice and unquestionable inexpediency. Here he is, though born on the soil, an alien, nay, worse—almost a beast. He has no rights, except the right of being taxed; he has no privilege, except the privilege of paying. His children are hooted out of our public schools, while no provision is made for the separate education; his testimony is not received in a Court of Justice; his accounts, though he may be an honest hard-working mechanic, are worth nothing in evidence; his friends, if they remove hither from any other State, though perchance just redeemed from the thrall of chattel slavery, are liable to be thrust into prison, and thence sold into bondage again. He is almost a beast; and did not numberless instances come before us of intelligence, of capability, of honesty, of industry, of morality in the individuals of that race, in the north part of the State, where public opinion defies the execution of these most barbarous and inhuman enactments, the friends of humanity would almost despair. These laws are the handiwork of that precious gang who are shedding sentimental tears over the hardships of the blacks in Illinois, and who would impoverish still further any already collapsed treasury to found a colony for them in an inhospitable country and a deadly climate, where they may end a life of oppression and misery by sinking into the embrace of death. Give the coloured man justice at home! and then, if he desires to go abroad and establish elsewhere institutions similar to our own, the sin and curse of slavery excepted, let the Legislature of Illinois, if it will, grant him aid! Shame upon the present effort! It takes him, plunged into a depth of social and political degradation that entire races rarely reach, and it offers expatriation, a wilderness of swamps, deadly with malaria and inviting death, as a choice of evils! Such philanthropy is cheap."

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The Nineteenth Annual Anti-Slavery Fair of Pennsylvania was held in the spacious saloon of Sansom Hall, commencing on Wednesday evening, December 6th, and continuing through the three following days.

The receipts were	$2,004 27
Expenses	407 73
Net profits	$1,596 54

It is with great satisfaction that the Committee report these results. Owing to the state of the money-market and the general depression in the business community, greatly diminished sales were apprehended; but the Committee are happy to state that the friends of the slave, even under these discouraging circumstances, were not unmindful of his claims—that the supply of goods was very liberal, and the greater part of them were sold at advantageous prices.

The tables of Bristol, Byberry, Chester Co. and Bucks Co. were furnished with their usual liberality and taste. Beside these were *two* very handsome tables furnished by *new* Circles, in Camden and Germantown. A cheering evidence of a wider extended interest in our labours.

The contributions from manufacturers and merchants in the city were liberal, and donations were received from New York, Norristown, Downingtown, Maple Grove, Isabella Furnace, Abington; Milton, Lancaster Co.; Mullica Hill and Kaighn's Point.

Through our friends in Boston were also received valuable articles from England, Ireland and Germany.

With pleasure and interest we record that venerable friends—upwards of four score—on both sides of the Atlantic, sent beautiful articles of their own knitting.

The Committee would gratefully express their obligations to Wendell Phillips, Esq., of Boston, for the interest and value added to the Fair, by his two able addresses, delivered on Friday and Saturday evenings.

The success of the efforts made this year confirms the opinion that the annual labours in this department are very effective in maintaining and enlarging the anti-slavery influence in the community, and the Committee therefore urge to prompt and continued attention in preparing for the next Fair.

On behalf of the Committee,
SARAH PUGH.
HARRIET D. PURVIS.

Philadelphia, January, 1855.

NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES.

The Lecture delivered by Wendell Phillips, on the 9th inst., will be found at length in our columns this week, as reported by W. H. Burr. It is one of the orator's best efforts, and will be read with profit and delight in many a household.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher gave the Eighth Lecture of the Course, on Tuesday evening, to an immense audience. He spoke nearly two hours, and with great power and effect. We shall publish the Lecture entire next week, and therefore will say nothing further at the present time.

The Lecture on Tuesday evening next will be delivered by Hon. Horace Greeley.

Mr. Bellows's Lecture.—We are reluctantly compelled by want of room to omit a second article, already prepared, on certain points of Mr. Bellows's lecture, alluded to in the last No. of *The Standard*. It shall appear next week.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

The Black Swan—Her Concert—Robert Purvis insulted—Peter Still and his family—Kanzas; Prospects of Freedom there—Nebraska; its new Counties—"Forney County"!—Anti-Know-Nothing Mob in Easton.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 15th.

Miss Greenfield, better known by the *soubriquet* of the "Black Swan"—which, by the way, she accepts—gave a concert, in Sansom Hall, last Friday evening, which was attended by a large and fashionable audience. The people were astonished by her performance, and were loud and enthusiastic in their applause. The compass and richness of her voice, with her powers of modulation, exceeded the highest expectations that had been excited, and the expressions of admiration on the part of the audience were of the most unequivocal kind.

"If they have done these things in a green tree, what would they do in a dry?" Otherwise: If Miss Greenfield, being black, excites the admiration of these negro-despising people to such a pitch, what bounds could be put to their enthusiasm if she were of the more favoured complexion? I would venture to say that if she were a white instead of a black native American, she would be pronounced, by the universal Yankee nation, to be superior to either Jenny Lind, Grisi or Alboni, and all creation would be challenged to produce her match.

But my principal object in referring to this concert is to mention an incident that occurred on the occasion, of a most disgraceful character. The concert was got up by a man of the name of Wood, a professional showman of the Barnum stamp, and one who, as such, is well known in many parts of the country. Miss Greenfield agreed to sing for Mr. Wood for a stated price. He wanted to take the Musical Fund Hall for the purpose, but the lady refused to go there, because the owners of that building would not admit among the audience people of colour. Accordingly, Sansom Hall, a place not liable to this objection, was procured, and the understanding was that no distinction should be made on account of colour. This understanding may not have been express, between Mr. Wood and Miss Greenfield, though to the mind of the latter it was, as she declares, clearly implied; but it was distinctly expressed in a conversation had between Mr. Wood and a friend of our cause, who made it his business to be informed on the subject.

Nevertheless, there was a gross and insulting distinction made between coloured people and others. The latter, though they paid the same price as the whites for their tickets, were shown to a place by themselves. Among others who went to the concert were our friends Robt. Purvis and his son, Robt. Purvis, Jr. They took their seats in the body of the hall, naturally selecting places pretty far forward, where they could hear well. They soon noticed that coloured people were shown to a separate part of the room, and directly they were ordered by a constable, acting as usher, to take their seats in the same place. "Why?" said Mr. Purvis. "Because that's the part of the room alloted to coloured people." "I shall not move; we have paid for our tickets the same as others; we are entitled as others are to sit where we choose, and here we shall remain." "Coloured people as respectable as you are are over there." "I don't object to sit with them because I think myself any more respectable; I object to leaving this place on principle, and I shall not leave." "You must either move over there or get your money for your ticket and leave the room." "I shall do neither. I shall not budge; and if the attempt is made to move me by violence, I advise you beforehand, that you may expect resistance. By whose authority am I thus insulted?" "I am acting according to directions given by Mr. Wood." "Where is Mr. Wood?" "He is down below." "I will see him; but, mark you, I will return to claim my place."

Mr. Wood is sought out and found; hears Mr. Purvis's statement, but before he can reply is suddenly called away, and excuses himself, saying he will be back in a moment. Mr. Purvis waits, but he does not come. He returns to the hall, and he and his son resume their seats. The usher makes no objection; evidently Mr. Wood has, in the meantime, given him his cue.

This is the story substantially as it has been related to me. If I have not given the precise words of the dialogue described, I have at least given its spirit and import. Is it not disgraceful that such outrages as this should be perpetrated, and that respectable people should be thus grossly and wantonly insulted, and the public take no account of it?

The next day, Mr. Purvis, in company of a friend, called to see Miss Greenfield, to ascertain what responsibility, if any, she had had in the course pursued at her concert. And it is due to the lady to state that she expressed herself as deeply grieved at what had occurred; that she entirely disapproved of it; that she did not know that there was to be any distinction made on account of colour; that she had not consented to any such distinction, and that she never would. She declared further that she would never sing in any place where people of her own colour were not allowed the same privileges as were awarded to persons of a different complexion. Mr. Purvis was satisfied with the interview, and seemed to find in these assurances of Miss Greenfield, as to her future course, some solace for the insults under which he had previously been smarting.

Peter Still, with his at last recovered family, passed through this city, last week, on his way to Burlington, near which reside his aged mother and most of his kindred. They called, for a few moments, at my place, but, unfortunately, I was out—a circumstance which I much regret. I have so often seen Peter sorrowful and broken-hearted, that it would have been a great satisfaction to me now to behold him in the flush of his joy, with his newly-recovered treasures. We hope to have him in Philadelphia in a few days, and our expectation is that an opportunity will be afforded to the public of seeing those persons who have been subjects of such deep and protracted interest, and of hearing, at the same time, some of the particulars of their eventful history. "*Some* of the particulars," I say; for to hear them all would require more time than could be afforded at any public meeting. When the history of Peter Still and his family is written—and I believe such a work is now in the course of preparation—the public will have a volume of rare and marvellous interest.

The Kanzas question continues to excite a good of interest, and much solicitude is felt here, as elsewhere, as to the result of the contest now going on between the powers of Freedom and Slavery in that Territory. Kersey Coates, Esq., a young lawyer at this bar—a son of Lindley Coates, well known to your readers—has lately returned from a tour in that region, and he asserts confidently that Kanzas will be a free State. He travelled extensively through the territory, visited the most important settlements, became acquainted with the chief men, including officers of the government and others, and says that he *knows* that at least two-thirds of the people are opposed to slavery. The late election for Congressman, he asserts, affords no clue to public sentiment in the Territory. It was a gross fraud, practiced by Atchison's ruffians, from Missouri and other slave States, organized and brought there for the purpose. Gov. Reeder he represents to be honestly opposed to slavery; also Mr. Flenniken, the defeated candidate for Congress. The population is made up, to a large extent, of Pennsylvanians, every one of whom, with but a single exception, so far as he knew, was, in this contest, a decided anti-slavery man. Not that they are Abolitionists; on the contrary, many of them were known as hostile to Abolitionism; but on the question of admitting the system into Kanzas, they were and are avowedly and actively anti-slavery. Such is Mr. Coates's testimony. I trust that his confidence as to the result of this contest may be justified by the event, but I must confess to a good many fears.

Just here my attention is drawn to a paragraph in the *North American*, which I quote:

"More Trouble in Kansas.—One of the provisions of the Nebraska-Kansas bill vests in the Governor of Kansas the power of appointing justices of the peace and other local officers in the Territory. The Governor, in the exercise of this power, did not appoint such persons as suited the Missouri party, and accordingly the latter have held a meeting at Kickapoo City, at which they elected other justices to act instead of the legal ones. This is a new version of the squatter sovereignty."

How is this, Mr. Coates? I am afraid that your "two-thirds" of the people who are opposed to slavery will not be a match for the other third who are of a different sentiment.

Have you seen the names of the new Counties of Nebraska, as divided off and designated by T. B. Cuming, the late acting Govenor? Here they are: *Douglas, Cass, Pierce, Forney, Dodge, Richardson, Burt* and *Washington*. As "there is much in a name," how do you like the sound of *Forney County?* Does it tempt you to emigrate? But you are of New England, and cannot be expected to entertain any of our Pennsylvania partialities. How, then, would *Pierce County* suit you? Do you think it *calculated* to draw many emigrants from Yankee land? Seriously, I consider the infliction of such names on the innocent districts of the new Territory as a drawback to their prosperity, and, for one, before I would live in a county that would continually remind me, by its designation, of the vile and odious Forney, I would emigrate to Kamschatka.

There was a singular mob, the other day, in Easton, in this State. The ubiquitous Know-Nothings, it seems, have opened a Lodge in that place, and commenced there the operations, whatever they are, of the order. But the people of Easton, or at least a portion of them, don't like Know-Nothingism, and they resolve to put the Lodge down. Accordingly, they assemble in large numbers in front of the building occupied for the purpose; and when the Order is in session, they commence firing a cannon and making other deafening noises, and this din they keep up till the Know-Nothings, unable to transact their business, are obliged to adjourn. This may answer for one night, but is it likely to be a permanent remedy? Will it not do more to increase than to weaken the strength of the new party? It may be a question which is the worse, secret machination or open brute force, but I must confess that, much as I dislike Know-Nothingism, I don't think it is quite so bad as mob violence. M.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 9th, 1855.

Dear Editors: In presenting us with your compliments on the advent of a new year, you scarcely dreamed of the new era it was about to introduce in the political history of our good old, but heretofore rather blind, Commonwealth. Give us joy! and lend us your vocal powers in a "Te Deum laudamus" for the conversion of our outgoing Governor, for you have, doubtless, read his message to the Legislature, wherein he eulogizes *resistance* to oppression, and cautions governments against ceasing *to respect the laws of justice and humanity!*

Is it not strange, passing strange, and rich beyond compare, to hear such words from one of the patent Democracy as "respect for the laws of humanity"?

But what if it should merely be designed for "Buncombe?" Spare us the thought; although his devotion to the Constitution and his idolatry of the Union does savour very strongly of a design to palm off this eloquent burst of enthusiasm, in behalf of suffering humanity, upon us for real, when it was merely a bit of gilding used to hide the deformity of our slaveholding national compact.

Well, time will determine whether antagonism to the "Know-Nothings" may not compel even Senator Douglas to admit that there is a *possibility* that this government of ours *may become* oppressive and tyrannical; that it ever yet *has been* so, would be too honest a confession to expect from such a source. "Respect for the laws of humanity" has long been an obsolete idea, or a mere abstraction, in the political school which furnished his diploma.

But to return to our worthy Governor Bigler. It would appear from his Message, and the Report of Mr. Treasurer Baily, that our State is in a very flourishing condition, and its finances in a highly prosperous position—so much so that, *if* it had not been for that incubus which has been pressing the life out of our State improvements, the payment of "old debts," which seem, like the heads of Hydra, to have the power of renewing themselves, however frequently cut off, we should really be *almost ready to begin to get out of debt*. This would be exhilarating intelligence if we had not heard it repeated, in annual messages, for ten successive years or more, without ever being able to advance a step nearer to that state of beatitude.

Business is rather dull with us, in almost every department, excepting those of the Coroner and Sheriff, who seem to have full the usual amount of transactions in attending to the bodies and estates of the unfortunate and the reckless. Even the business of *kidnapping* seems to languish since our late most efficient Slave Commissioner was hastily called to the "other side of Jordan," which is the term now in use by "the sovereigns" to describe the passage to that final account which, I suspect, few of this class of officials have any belief that they will be called upon to render, or the office would be as promptly rejected as though it were an invitation to sup with Satan. Whether this inactivity among the Union-savers is owing to the market for human cattle at the South being rather glutted, and, consequently, the rapacity of the chivalry deprived of its edge, or whether the prospect of the speedy annexation of the Sandwich Islands may have led to the belief that a supply could be had from that source more cheaply, is unknown. How do the Colonizationists view this scheme of the Administration to introduce, at one fell swoop, into the United States more *coloured people* than they have been able to remove from it within the thirty-seven years of their labour of love *for slavery?* And those poor simple islanders are to be gulled into the belief that they can be incorporated into this precious Union on terms of equality with those who are already acknowledged as citizens under our several Constitutions, which make a *white* skin a 'sine qua non' to citizenship; whilst our immaculate Senate will endorse the Executive falsehood by ratifying the treaty of annexation, in order that our dominions may extend half round the earth and the vanity of *democracy* be gratified by the acquisition of territory nearly ten thousand miles from our capital.

But, eh, Sirs! has there not been a patriotic outburst of indignation from the slavery presses, from Passamaquoddy to the Rio Grande, at the officious intermeddling of the European Consuls with our nice little speculation in San Domingo! Only to think of the daring "intervention" on the part of some of them, in attempting to enlighten the *mulatto republicans* with regard to certain laws and usages existing in our model republic! Must not our "Commissioner *plenipotentiary*," whether male or female, or both, have felt a "leetle streaked" when asked what treatment these coloured gentlemen, whose friendship we were courting, would be likely to receive if they should make a visit to their brother republicans of Charleston, Savannah or New Orleans? If more stupendous impudence can be found than these Commissioners possess, it must be in the Administration which sent them. The prospect must be highly gratifying to the islanders, that, in the event of a visit to the Chivalry of the States nearest to them, they would be taken from their vessel and consigned to jail, where, if their board and guardianship should not be paid promptly, they would next be sold into slavery to pay their jail fees. In addition to this, they ought to know, from the fate of Mexico, that wherever our "fillibusteros" get a foothold, they soon succeed in making the possessions of their neighbours their own, when these neighbours may have their choice to '*samosa*,' become *helots*, or be exterminated—vide, American Indians, &c.

Whether Congress will, during the present session, attempt any other grand scheme of National rascality, or be content with the glory already acquired, remains to be seen, since the great hobby of the Annexation of Cuba is, at the present moment, rather behind a cloud.

"Manifest destiny" seems to be at a discount, and its partisans are constrained to exclaim, '*Ichabod!* the glory is departed'—'the *isms* are likely to overwhelm us.'

Blessings sometimes reach us through unexpected channels; and, since Gov. Reeder could so far disappoint the slaveholders as to rebuke, decidedly, though in terms as mild as any "sucking dove," the bullying scoundrels of Missouri who undertook to dictate to him, as well as to the freemen of Kansas, we may look for stranger developments than eulogies on resistance to oppression from Gov. Bigler. We certainly may be excused for believing that we see some glimpses of the "good time coming." When it does arrive, may the 'Standard-bearers' have "Benjamin's portion" allotted to them. Fare ye well.

NEMO.

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE POOR.

To the Editors of the Standard:

The Address of the American and Foreign Emigrant Protective and Employment Society, which you kindly gave a place in your columns, has already produced its anticipated fruits. Numerous letters have been received within the last few days at the Society's office, requesting that portions of the surplus labour of our city may be removed to the neighbourhood of the writers. These letters are on file, and open to the inspection of any disposed to examine them. The Board of Managers have to deplore an exhausted treasury. One thousand dollars, placed in their hands, could be at once advantageously employed to defray the travelling expenses of suitable persons, desirous of obtaining employment, in the locations where their labour is desired and needed. It would undoubtedly be the best investment of charitable funds that could be made. In all cases the beneficiaries are required to refund the amount thus advanced out of their future earnings, and their employers are engaged to see that this is done. This very day a respectable American mechanic—a wheelright—applied to the Society for aid to remove himself and family to the country where employment and a home awaited him, but the boon could not be granted him.

The managers take this opportunity of inviting the friends of humanity in the country to aid in this work of benevolence. The support of the destitute poor now in the city of New York, who cannot be removed, is taxing to the utmost the charity of the citizens. Let those communities where labour is wanted form Associations, collect funds and remit them to the Society, and the pledge will be given that, if not restricted to country or creed, careful selections will be made of moral and industrious persons to fill the stations to which they may be invited. A good opening is offered to those wanting employment who have means sufficient for their removal, of doing so, as in removing under the auspices of the Society, care will be taken to prevent imposition or disappointment, and every facility and information will be extended to each.

MORTIMER DE MOTTE, Cor. Sec.

New York, January 12.

Kansas.—Charles Stearns, a well-known Abolitionist from Massachusetts, who went to Kansas under the auspices of the Massachusetts Aid Society, writes to the *Liberator* expressing his firm belief that the Territory can never become a slave State. He says that the frauds of the recent election cannot be repeated when the question of a State Government comes to be decided, and that an immense majority of the settlers are in favour of excluding slavery, not on principle, but from the predominance of *colour-phobia*. Mr. Stearns thinks they will not only proscribe slavery, but the coloured people likewise, enacting a Black Law similar to that of Illinois. Even the company to which he belonged, although made up chiefly of Massachusetts men, refused to recognise the equal right of the coloured man to acquire land. He says that Mr. Lum, the orthodox clergyman of Lawrence, the New England settlement, advocated the election of the Douglas candidate for Congress, and that the spirit of pro-slavery is triumphant in the place.

Mr. Giddings's Error.—We heard Mr. G.'s Lecture on the trial of John Quincy Adams with deep interest. But his introductory remarks contained one erroneous statement, that we purposed correcting at the time, and did not, supposing others would whose voice could be heard farther than ours. It has, however, been so often published and commented on editorially, that we deem it just, and in no wise censorious, to call the attention of the honourable gentleman to it.

Mr. Giddings says that no history has ever been given of the trial of Mr. Adams, nor any allusion to it in his life. This is the error. In the Life of J. Q. Adams, by Wm. H. Seward, it is given very plainly, though not so fully as in the lecture Mr. Giddings has delivered to so many delighted audiences.—*Wesleyan.*

Mr. Giddings will, of course, be thankful to the *Wesleyan* for setting him right upon a question of fact. We presume the editor of that paper has examined Seward's Life of Adams, and is not mistaken in what he says.

Glorying in their Shame.—Our readers will remember the article, in the Standard of last week, signed "*A Citizen of Boston*," wherein it was shown that the "Curtis Family" had been the leaders in the effort to make kidnapping respectable in the City of the Pilgrims. The article was copied from the *Tribune*, where it called forth the following reply from one of the family:

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

Sir: Your correspondent, a "Citizen of Boston," has laboriously collected abundant evidence that the "Curtis family" have worked hard to keep *the law* superior to fanaticism, disloyalty and *the mob*.

With their thanks, he may receive the assurance that they feel encouraged to continue in the same course, and *their children after them.*

ONE OF THE NAME.

Boston, Jan. 13, 1855.

The *Independent Herald* (West Chester, Pa.) is not, after all, to be either discontinued or suspended. The establishment has been purchased by our esteemed friend, Lewis Marshall, under whose editorship two numbers have already been issued. We are glad the *Herald* is to live, and equally glad that it is to be under the supervision of a man whose integrity, capacity and hearty devotion to the case of Reform and Progress are an ample guaranty that its life will be an honourable and a useful one. We welcome friend Marshall to the editorial profession, and hope he may find it a source of pleasure and of pecuniary profit.

The Citizen of the World.—The first number of a new monthly periodical, bearing this title, has just reached us from Philadelphia; Elihu Burritt, editor—Geo. W. Taylor, publisher. It presents a very neat appearance, and is filled with interesting matter. Terms, 50 cts. per annum. We hope it may have an extensive patronage, for we believe its inculcations will have a tendency to promote the peace and welfare of the human family.

Dreadful Calamity.—At 3 o'clock, on Saturday morning last, the house of Mr. John Appleton Haven, at Fort Washington (within the corporate limits of New York city), was destroyed by fire, and three of his daughters, aged, respectively, 16, 23 and 25 years, perished in the flames. The family were strongly attached to each other—the girls intelligent, cultivated, beautiful. Who can measure the sorrow of the survivors?

Waking up.—A Grand Jury in South Carolina have presented the laws against the African Slave Trade as a public grievance. The presentment argues the right of slavery from the Scriptures, and recommends the subject to the action of the Legislature.

OBITUARY.

Doctor Josiah Hopper, who died at Aspinwall, Dec. 23, was one of the medical corps of the Panama Railroad Co. For several years past, he has sailed as surgeon on one or other of the steamships of the Panama line, plying on either side of the isthmus between New York and San Francisco. Previous to that, he was a resident of this city, dividing his time between professional duties and several of the more prominent reform movements of the day. His skill and judgment as a physician were highly appreciated by his patients, and by a wide circle of medical friends. He inherited some of the peculiar traits of his father, the late Isaac T. Hopper, and was associated with him, from very early life, in many of his efforts to assist the unfortunate, to protect the weak, and to relieve human suffering.

By constitutional proclivity, he found his patients chiefly among the poor, against whom he kept no book accounts. His pay was received generally in the shape of thanks; yet he never refused to attend the same patients again and again, on the same terms, often with medicines thrown in. Such practice could yield no thrift; but, as is often said, "it was his fate." He pursued it for ten years, in hovel, cellar and garret, with a devotion of interest that gold seldom buys.

He was a zealous Abolitionist. On the arrest of a fugitive, he was among the first on the ground to confer with counsel, to seek out witnesses, and to stimulate, by indefatigable perseverance, the zeal of others. His acquaintance with the Police officers, some of whom were his patients, often enabled him to exert a favourable influence on the treatment of the prisoner. Others were intimidated by the boldness with which he pointed them out as kidnappers, fixing upon them the gaze of public execration.

Among the more recent reforms, the Abolition of Capital Punishment claimed his best efforts. The friends of that movement will remember the constancy with which he stirred up their zeal, and, by many expedients, kept the subject before the public mind. It was chiefly by his exertions that the State Society for the Abolition of the Death Penalty was organized, and kept in efficient action. He selected the officers, called meetings and secured the aid of popular speakers, sent memorials to the Legislature, furnished the members with documents, sustained an active correspondence with the advocates of the reform in other States, and procured the publication and spread of reports on the subject. He was one of the main-springs of the well-nigh successful effort in the Legislature, some years since, to abolish Capital Punishment in this State.

The disease which caused his death was contracted by exposure, during severe weather, in a passage to Australia, and while there. His recent employment in the Panama Railroad Co. was accepted with a view to avoid the rigours of our climate; but he encountered there new exposures, which aggravated his disease and terminated his life.

Summary.

Senator Badger says that he loses $3,000 a year by serving his country in the United States Senate. We are of opinion that the country makes a worse bargain than the Senator does.—*Bost. Tel.*

Serving a Writ in Indiana.—A model return upon a writ was recently made by a deputy sheriff in Morgan County, Ind. It was: "Served the within, but was fit with brick-bats by the woman, so that I couldn't serve it."

The State of Superior.—Mr. Sherman, a member of the Michigan Legislature from the Lake Superior region, has given the House notice that he will introduce a joint resolution instructing our Senators and Representatives in Congress "to set off" the upper peninsula of this State into a Territory, to be known as the Territory of Superior. Mr. Sherman is a New Yorker—one of sixty-two Empire Staters in the present Legislature of Michigan. If Excelsior comes to the rescue, the motion to "set off" will be "sot."

The Underground Railroad.—A day or two since, a woman, so white that the African blood in her veins was not perceptible on a casual observation, passed through on this famous route. She was from Kentucky and unattended. She soon found coloured friends; and so close where her pursuers on her heels, that they were actually in this city while she was, and she even saw them, though they did not recognise her. Her friends despatched her on the underground, late on Monday evening, and received telegraphic news Tuesday noon from Detroit that she was safe.—*Toledo (Ohio) Blade, Jan. 11th.*

Death of Senator Norris.—The telegraph brings information of the death of Hon. Moses Norris, Senator from New Hampshire, which took place at Washington last night. Mr. Norris was a man of moderate abilities, a strong partisan Democrat and pro-slavery man. His term would have expired on the 4th of March next. It will be the duty of Gov. Baker to appoint some person to fill the office until that time, as the Legislature will not meet until June. It is quite remarkable that New Hampshire should have lost two Senators by death—Messrs. Atherton and Norris—during the first Congress under Gen. Pierce's administration.—*Bost. Tel.*

Hard Times and Pew-Renting.—The annual renting of the pews in the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn (Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, pastor), occurred on Tuesday evening, and with success which forbids even the *mention* of a tight money market. One hundred and seventy-eight seats were taken at a premium (*for only one year*) of $1,343 50. The amount of pews rented, premiums included, was something over $10,000. There are about 120 pews, in the back part of the house and in the gallery, yet unrented, which, if taken, as they always have been, will yield a total revenue of about $13,000. There was more anxiety to get seats and premiums were larger than ever before.—*Independent, 11th.*

The Slave Trade.—The number of advocates at the South for the revival of the slave trade is increasing, and those who favour the measure are among our most intelligent and cool-headed citizens. Whether they will, by reason and argument, carry popular sentiment at the South, or be enabled to form a party strong enough to attain influence in Congress on this subject, we cannot predict. It is very certain, however, that Abolition agitation at the North tends to strengthen the slave trade party at the South. On its merits as a question of political economy, much can be said in its favour. We do not, however, enlist on its side. Our impressions are adverse to the policy of the movement.—*Augusta (Geo.) Constitutionalist.*

Singular Accident and Providential Escape.—One of the most singular accidents, taking into consideration its results, that has ever taken place in the history of railroads, occurred this morning to the train from Blackstone, on the Boston and New York Central Railroad. When the train was about eight miles from this city, and going at the rate of about 20 to 25 miles an hour, the forward axle of the tender broke, and, singular to relate, a piece of the axle, nearly four feet in length, and weighing about 200 pounds, passed under the tender, and, coming up through the floor of the fore part of the forward car, passed over the heads of all the passengers in that part of the car, and landed safely beside the stove in the middle of the car. The car was full of passengers, but not one was injured.—*Boston Journal.*

Philadelphia and Baltimore Central Railroad.—On January 3d., the principal officers and stockholders of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Central Railroad, assembled at Painter's Cross Roads—the summit level—for the purpose of turning the first sod in that important enterprise. The meeting was addressed, and the ceremony performed by the President, Dr. F. Taylor. Mr. Rutter, of the West Chester and Philadelphia Direct Railroad, followed in a brief speech. Messrs. Quigley and Stone, Contractors, entered immediately upon their work with a considerable force. The country which this road penetrates is fully alive to its importance, and the funds necessary for its construction will most probably be raised near the line. The projectors look confidently towards its completion within three years.

Temperance in Connecticut.—A joint Convention of the friends of temperance from New London and Windham Counties, Conn., was held in Norwich on Tuesday, Dec. 26. The meeting was numerously attended from different parts of the two counties by intelligent and earnest friends of the cause. The reports brought up from the different towns, in regard to the happy influence of the Temperance Law, were in the highest degree satisfactory and encouraging. In no place is the law openly set at defiance. A grog-shop does not exist in these two counties. In no place does the law lack friends to see its power brought to bear against the traffic even where it is suspected. The meeting above referred to was held through the day and evening; and the interest manifested in its deliberations was so intense that a motion was made and carried to continue through a two days' session. But this idea was dropped when it was found seriously to interfere with other engagements of many of those present.

Rags Dethroned—Basswood Looking Up.—The Albany *Evening Journal* of Saturday comes to us printed upon basswood paper, manufactured by an invention of G. W. Beardslier, of Albany. The paper has a fine body, and takes a neat and clear impression. The *Journal* says that it will work a revolution in paper-making, and compel rags to abdicate. It adds:

"Thus far Mr. B. has only manufactured so much pulp as was necessary for the prosecution of his experiments. But he purposes, as soon as arrangements can be perfected, to enter largely into the manufacture of the article for market. It can be used in any paper-mill, furnished ready for the finishing engine, and capable of producing a weight of paper equal to the weight of the pulp used. Consequently, in adopting it, no new machinery will be required, but a great deal of the most cumbersome now used, and much of the most unpleasant part of the work of making paper from rags, may be dispensed with."

The Arkansas "Volcano."—The Arkansas *Herald* recently published an alarming account of a supposed volcano, in Scott County, in that State. A correspondent of the same paper writes as follows respecting it:

"About one year ago, while travelling in Franklin County, in this State, my attention was attracted by the report of a similar explosion, which was said to have been so violent as to project rocks and other heavy substances to a great height in the atmosphere. Not feeling much disposed to credit the various exaggerated accounts given of the phenomenon, I proceeded to investigate for myself, and soon became convinced that it was owing, not to *volcanic eruption*, but to the decomposition of sulphuret of iron (*iron pyrites*), one of the most abundant of the ores of iron which abound in this region, and which, under certain circumstances, has been known to undergo spontaneous decomposition, attended with a loud noise, and the evolution of light, heat, and sulphurous vapour. Should the account you have received of the explosions in Scott County prove correct, they may be explained in the same manner, as sulphuret of iron is known to occur there in the greatest abundance."

A Negro Woman in Virginia 126 Years Old.—A correspondent of the Richmond *Enquirer*, writing from Powhatan, December 30th, says:

"There is a negro woman in Powhatan, now living in my immediate neighbourhood, whom I have talked with, who was born the year after George II. ascended the throne of England, and four years before the birth of George Washington! She is now one hundred and twenty-six years old; and was, of course, very near half a century old at the time our Declaration of Independence was proclaimed, on the 4th of July, 1776.

I state this upon information that I believe to be true; and the appearance of her person serves to confirm it. Her memory seems to furnish her an indelible record of all the events, great and small, of her long life, when aroused from the state of drowsy forgetfulness that frequently betides her. When I saw her she was wide awake, and full of chat. She had remarkably fine eyes, and, I was told, could thread a needle, and sew nearly as well as she ever could.

She said she had been the mother of sixteen children, all of whom died of old age, and that there was precisely one year and one day between their births, respectively; that she had never been sick—never had a physician to see her—and never took a single dose of physic in her life. She talked cheerfully and fluently, and quoted many passages of Scripture readily and appropriately; said she had been to Heaven twice, and wanted to go again.

Whenever she touched upon religion, her mind seemed to become absorbed at once; and the (to me) unexpected fluency and beauty of her language, indicated "the gift" that we sometimes hear of. Though no Doctor, I was prompted by curiosity to feel her pulse, to see if it beat like other people's. I found it quite regular and strong. I inquired if she had never lost her eyesight. She said, no, never, nor appetite either.

DONATIONS TO THE TRACT FUND.

[Continued.]

Miss Margaret Blydenburg, Durham, N. H.,	$3 00
Samuel Barrett, Concord, Mass.,	2 00
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Ellis Allen, Medfield, "	1 00
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Mrs. L. B. Bertody, Leicester, Mass.,	1 00
Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Salem, Mass.,	5 00
Wesley Martin, Brady, Mich.,	1 00
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G. W. Wallridge and others, Collinsville, Ct.,	4 00
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John Stoyell, " "	1 00
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At Warren, Mass.,	3 57
At West Brookfield, Mass.,	1 17
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David Buffum, Newport, R. I.,	5 00
G. Congdon, Providence, R. I.,	5 00
	$27 75

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Clarissa Harlow, " "	1 00
E.

Miscellaneous Department.

AUTUMNALIA.

A DIRGE AND ITS ANSWER.

I.

The tints of the summer are fading fast,
And the sere leaves are falling with every blast;
And I think at the close of each shortening day
That another bright summer has past away!

II.

It has past, like the rest, with its hopes and its fears,
Now brightened by smiles, now bedimmed by tears.
It has past, like the rest, with its pleasure and pain—
And, like them, it must never return again.

III.

These fast falling leaves and these withering flowers
Are an emblem of man and his fleeting hours;
For he basks for awhile in the sun's bright ray,
And the summer of life has past away.

IV.

And the autumn of life is chill and drear,
When like leaves of the forest our hopes appear,
As they drop one by one from the withering spray—
And the autumn of life has past away!

V.

And the winter of life is sad and cold,
When the feelings are dull and the heart grown old,
And we long for the rest that the weary shall have
In the silence and gloom of the passionless grave!

VI.

But the grass of the grave can new flowrets send forth;
And the soul of the just has a refuge of worth,
And the spring of eternity blossoms for aye,
And its leaves never fade nor its blossoms decay!

VII.

Though the sun never shines in those regions so bright,
Yet the Lamb that was slain is their shadowless light;
And the pavement of sapphires can never be dim,
For 'tis bright with the radiance reflected from Him,

VIII.

Unfading the glories, unsated the heart—
The one never flags, nor the other depart;
And the eye never tires, though unbounded the view;
And the joys, though unchanging, forever are new!

IX.

Then muse on the emblems of earthly decay,
Yet trace, 'mid the darkness, a promise of day;
And hear, 'mid the rustling of sere leaves and flowers,
The harps of the angels in amaranth bowers!

—*From Fraser's Magazine.*

FIRST LECTURE ON ENGLISH POETRY.

[Lowell Institute Course, at Boston.]

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Reported for The Boston Daily Advertiser.

THE subject of Mr. Lowell's first Lecture (Tuesday evening, Jan. 9) was "Definitions."

Mr. Lowell began by expressing his sense of the responsibility he had assumed in undertaking a course of lectures on English Poets. Few men, he said, had in them twelve hours of talk that would be worth hearing on *any* subject, but on a subject like poetry no person could hope to combine in himself the qualities that would enable him to do justice to his theme. A lecturer on science has only to show how much he knows—the lecturer on Poetry can only be sure how much he *feels*.

Almost everybody has a fixed opinion about the merits of certain poets, which he does not like to have disturbed. There are no fanaticisms so ardent as those of taste, especially in this country, where, we are so accustomed to settle everything by vote that if a majority should decide to put a stop to the procession, of the Equinoxes we should expect to hear no more of that interesting ceremony.

A distinguished woman (Mrs. Stowe) who has lately published a volume of travels affirms, that it is as easy to judge of painting as of poetry by instinct. It *is* as easy. But without reverent study of the works no instinct is competent to judge of the masters of either art.

Yet everyone has a right to his private opinion, and the critic should deal tenderly with illusions which give innocent pleasure. You may sometimes see japonicas carved out of turnips, and if a near-sighted friend should exclaim—"What a pretty japonica!" do not growl "turnip!" unless on discovering his mistake he endeavours to prove that the imitation is as good as the real flower.

In whatever I shall say, continued Mr. Lowell, I shall, at least, have done my best to think before I speak, making no attempt to say anything new, for it is only *strange* things and not *new* ones that come by effort. In looking up among the starry poets I have no hope of discovering a new Kepler's law—one must leave such things, to great mathematicians like Pierce. I shall be content with resolving a nebula or so, and bringing to notice some rare shade of colour in a double star. In our day a lecturer can hardly hope to instruct. The press has so diffused intelligence that everybody has just misinformation enough on every subject to make him thoroughly uncomfortable at the misinformation of everybody else.

Mr. Lowell then gave a brief outline of his course, stating that this first lecture would indicate his point of view, and treat in part of the imaginative faculty.

After some remarks upon Dr. Johnson's Lives of the Poets, the lecturer proceeded: Any true criticism of poetry must start from the axiom that what distinguishes what we call the poetical in anything, and makes it so, is that it transcends the understanding, by however little or much, and is interpreted by the intuitive operation of some quite other faculty of the mind. It is precisely the something more, of feeling, of insight, of thought, of expression which for the moment lulls that hunger for the superfluous which is the strongest appetite we have, and which always gives the lie to the proverb that enough is as good as a feast. The boys in the street express it justly when they define the indefinable merits of something which pleases them, by saying it is a touch beyond—or, it is first-rate and a half. The poetry of a thing is this touch beyond, this third half on the farther side of first-rate.

Dr. Johnson said that that only was good poetry out of which good prose could be made. But poetry cannot be translated into prose at all. Its condensed meaning may be paraphrased and you get the sense of it, but lose the condensation which is a part of its essence. If on Christmas day you should give your son a half eagle, and should presently take it back, and give the excellent prose version of five hundred copper cents, the boy would doubtless feel that the translation had precisely the same meaning in tops, balls and gibraltars; but the feeling of infinite riches in a little room, of being able to carry in his waistcoat pocket what Dr. Johnson would have called the potentiality of tops and balls and gibraltars beyond the dreams of avarice—this would have evaporated. By *good* prose the Doctor meant prose that was sensible and had a meaning. But he forgot his own theory sometimes when he thought he was writing poetry. How would he contrive to make any kind of sense of what he says of Shakspeare, that

"Panting Time toiled after him in vain."

The difference between prose and poetry is one of essence and not of accident. What may be called the negatively poetical, exists everywhere. The life of almost every man, however prosaic to himself, is full of these dumb melodies to his neighbour. The farmer looks from the hillside and sees the tall ship lean forward with its desire for the ocean, every full-hearted sail yearning seaward and takes passage with her from his drudgery to the beautiful conjectured land. Meanwhile he himself has Pegasus yoked to his plough without knowing it, and the sailor looked back, sees him sowing his field with the graceful idyl of summer and harvest. Little did the needle-woman dream that she was stitching passion and pathos into her weary seam, till Hood came and found them there.

The poetical element may find expression either in prose or verse. The Undine of Foque is poetical, but it is not poetry. A prose writer may have imagination and fancy in abundance, and yet not be a poet. What is it then that peculiarly distinguishes the poet? It is not merely a sense of the beautiful, but so much keener *joy* in the sense of it (arising from a greater fineness of organization) that the emotion must *sing*, instead of only *speaking* itself.

The first great distinction of poetry, is *form* or arrangement. This is not confined to poems alone but it is found involved with the expression of the poetical in all the Arts. It is here that the statue bids hood-bye to anatomy and passes beyond it into the region of beauty, that the painter passes out of the copyist and becomes the Artist. Mr. Lowell here quoted Spencer's statement of Plato's doctrine:

"For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form and doth the body make."

This coördination of the spirit and form of a poem is especially remarkable in the Divinia Commedia of Dante, and the Paradise Lost of Milton, and that not only in the general structure, but in particular parts. The lines of Dante seem to answer his every mood: sometimes they have the compressed implacability of his lips, sometimes they ring like an angry gauntlet thrown down in defiance, and sometimes they soften or tremble as if that stern nature would only let its depth of pity show itself in a quiver of the voice; but always, and everywhere, there is subordination, and the pulse of the measure seems to keep time to the footfall of the poet along his fated path, as if a fate were on the verses too. And so in the Paradise Lost, not only is there the pomp of long passages that move with the stately glitter of Milton's own angelic squadrons, but if you meet anywhere a single verse, that, too, is obstinately epic, and you recognise it by its march, as certainly as you know a friend by his walk.

The instinctive sensitiveness to order and proportion, this natural incapability of the formless and vague, seems not only natural to the highest poetic genius, but to be essential to the universality and permanence of its influence over the minds of men. The presence of it make the charm of Pope's Rape of the Lock perennial; its absence will always prevent such poems as the Fairy Queen, Hudibras, and Excursion (however full of beauty vivacity and depth of thought), from being popular.

Voltaire has said that epic poems were discourses which at first were written in verse only because it was not yet the custom to narrate in prose. But instead of believing that verse is an imperfect and undeveloped prose, it seems much more reasonable to conclude it the very consummation and fortunate blossom of speech, as the flower is the perfection towards which the leaf yearns and climbs, and in which it at last attains the fulness of beauty, of honey, of perfume and the power of reproduction.

There is some organic law of expression, which, as it must have dictated the first formation of language, must also to a certain extent govern and modulate its use. That there is such a law a common drumhead will teach us, for if you cover it with fine sand and strike it, the particles will arrange themselves in a certain regular order in sympathy with its vibrations. So it is well known that the wood of a violin shows an equal sensibility and an old instrument is better than a new one because all resistance has been overcome. I have observed too, as something that distinguishes singing birds from birds of prey, that their flight is made up of a series of parabolic curves, with rests at certain regular intervals, produced by a momentary folding of the wings; as if the law of their being were in some sort metrical and they *flew* musically.

Who can doubt the innate charm of rhyme whose eye has ever been delighted by the visible consonance of the true growing at once toward an upward and a downward heaven, on the edge of the unrippled river, or, as the king-fisher flits from shore to shore, his silent echo flies under him and completes the vanishing couplet in the visionary world below? Who can question the divine validity of number, proportion and harmony, who has studied the various rhythms of the forests? Look, for example, at the pine, how its branches, balancing each other, ray out from the tapering stem in stanza after stanza, how spray answers to spray and leaf to leaf in ordered strophe and antistrophe, till the perfect tree stands an embodied ode, through which the unthinking wind cannot wander without finding the melody that is in it, and passing away in music.

Language as the poet uses it, is something more than an expedient for conveying thought. If mere meaning were all, then would the Dictionary be always the most valuable work in any tongue, for in it exists potentially all eloquence, all wisdom, all pathos, and all wit. It is a great wild continent of words ready to be tamed and subjugated, to have its meanings and uses applied. The prose-writer finds there his quarry and his timber, but the poet enters into it like Orpheus, and makes its wild inmates sing and dance and keep-joyous time to every wavering fancy of his lyre.

All language is dead invention, and our conversational currency is one of shells like that of some African tribes—shells in which poetic thoughts once honsed themselves, and coloured with the tints of morning. But the poet can give back to them their energy and freshness, can conjure symbolic powers out of the carnal and the trite. For it is only an enchanted sleep, a stimulated death, that benumbs language, and see how when the true prince poet comes, the arrested blood and life are set free again by the touch of his fiery lips, and as Beauty awakens, through all her many chambered palace runs a thrill as of creation, giving voice and motion and intelligence to what but now were dumb and stiffened images.

The true reception of whatever is poetical or imaginative pre-supposes a more exalted or at least excited condition of mind both in the poet and the reader. To take an example from daily life, look at the wholly diverse emotions with which a partisan and an indifferent person read the same political newspaper. The one thinks the editor a very sound and moderate person whose opinion is worth having on a practical question; the other wonders to see one very respectable citizen drawn as a Jupiter Tonans with as near an approach to real thunderbolts as printer's ink and paper will concede, and another equally respectable and a member of the same church, painted entirely black, with horns, hoofs and tail. The partisan is in the respective condition just spoken of; the indifferent occupies the solid ground of the common sense.

To illustrate the superiority of the poetic imagination over the prosaic understanding, Mr. Lowell quoted a story told by Le Grand in a note to one of his Fabliaux. A sinner lies dying, and an angel and fiend, after disputing the right to his soul, agree to settle the affair by a throw of dice. The fiend gets the first chance, and the fatal cubes come up—two sixes! He chuckles and rubs his claws, for everybody knows that no higher number is possible. But the angel thinks otherwise, throws, and behold, a six and seven! And thus it is, that when the understanding has done its best, when it has reached, as it thinks, down to the last secret of music and meaning that language is capable of, the poetical sense comes in with its careless miracle, and gets one more point than there are in the dice.

Imagination is not necessarily concerned with poetic expression. Nothing can be more poetical than the lines of Henry More the Platonist—

"What doth move
The nightingale to sing so fresh and clear?
The thrush or lark, that mounting high above,
Chants her shrill notes to heedless ears of corn,
Heavily hanging in the dewy morn?"
But compare it with Keat's,
"Ruth when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the *alien* corn."

The imagination has touched that word *alien*, and in it, we see the field through Ruth's eyes, as she looked round on the hostile spikes, and not through those of the poet.

Imagination enters more or less into the composition of all *great* minds, all minds that have what we call *breadth*, as distinguished from mere force or acuteness. We find it in philosophers like Plato and Bacon, in discoverers like Kepler and Newton, in fanatics like George Fox, and in reformers like Luther.

The shape which the imaginative faculty will take is modified by the force of the other qualities, with which it is coördained in the mind. If the moral sense predominates, the man becomes a reformer, or a fanatic, and his imagination gets itself uttered in his life. Bunyan would have been nothing but a fanatic, if he had not been luckily shut up in Bedford jail, alone with his imagination, which, unable to find vent in any other way, possessed and tortured him till it had wrung the Pilgrim's Progress out of him—a book the nearest to a poem, without being one, that ever was written. Uniting himself with the sense of form, imagination makes a sculptor; with those of form and colour, a painter; with those of time and tune a musician. For in itself it is dumb, and can only find expression through the help of some other faculty.

Imagination *plus* the poetic sense is poesy, *minus* the poetic sense, it is science, though it may clothe itself in verse. To those who are familiar with Dr. Donne's verses, I need only mention his name as a proof of my last position. He solves problems in rhyme, that it is all.

Shakspeare was so charged with the highest form of the poetic imagination, as some persons are with electricity, that he could not point his finger at a word without a spark of it going out of him. I will illustrate it by an example taken at random from him. When Romeo is parting from Juliet, Shakspeare first projects his own mind into Romeo, and then, as Romeo becomes so possessed with the emotion of the moment that his words take colour from it—all nature is infected and is full of *partings*. He says:

"But look what *envious* streaks
Do lace the *severing* clouds."

Shakspeare's 113th sonnet was here also quoted in illustration.

The highest form of imagination, Mr. Lowell said, is the dramatic, of which Shakspeare must always stand for the only definition. Next is the Narrative Imagination, where the poet forces his own personal consciousness upon us and makes our senses the slaves of his own. Of this kind Dante's Divina Commedia is the type. Below this are the poems in which the Imagination is more diffused; where the impression we receive is rather from *mass* than from particulars; where single lines are not so strong in themselves as in forming integral portions of great sweeps of verses; where effects are produced by allusion and suggestion, by sonorousness, by the use of names which have a traditional poetic value. Of this kind Milton is the type.

Lastly, said Mr. Lowell, I would place in a class by themselves those poets who have properly no imagination at all, but only a pictorial power. These we may call the imaginary poets, writers who give us images of things that neither they nor we believe in or can be deceived by, like pictures from a magic lantern. Of this kind are the Oriental poems of Southey, which show a knowledge of Asiatic mythologies, but are not livingly mythologic.

Where the Imagination is found in combination with great acuteness of intellect, we have its secondary or prose form. Lord Bacon is an example of it. Sir Thomas Browne is a still more remarkable one, a man who gives proof of more imagination than any other Englishman except Shakspeare.

Fancy is a frailer quality than Imagination, and cannot breathe the difficult air of the higher regions of intuition. In combination with Sentiment it produces poetry, with Experience, wit. The poetical faculty is in closer affinity with Imagination—the poetical temperament with Fancy. Contrast Milton with Herrick or Moore. In illustration Mr. Lowell quoted from Marvel, the poet of all others whose fancy hints always at some thing beyond itself, and whose wit seems to have been fed on the strong meat of humour.

As regards *man*, Fancy takes delight in life, manners, and the results of culture, in what may be called *scenery*; Imagination is that mysterious something which we call Nature—the unfathomed base on which Scenery rests and is sustained. Fancy deals with feeling, Imagination with passion. I have sometimes thought that Shakspeare in the scenes of the Tempest intended to typify the isle of *Man*, and in the characters, some of the leading qualities or passions which dwell in it. It is not hard to find the Imagination in Prospero, the Fancy in Ariel, and the Understanding in Caliban; and, as he himself was the poetic imagination incarnated, is it considering too nicely to think that there is a profound personal allusion in the breaking of Prospero's wand, and the burying his book, to the nature of that man who after such thaumaturgy could go down to Stratford, and live there for years, only collecting his dividends from the Globe Theatre, lending money on mortgage, and leaning over the gate to chat and chaffer with his neighbours?

I think that every man is conscious at times that it is only his borders, his seaboard, that is civilized, and subdued. Behind that narrow strip stretches the untamed domain, shaggy, unexplored, of the natural instincts. Is not this so? Then we can narrow our definition yet further, and that Fancy and Wit appear to the artificial man; Imagination and Humour to the natural man. Thus each of us in his dual capacity can at once, like Chancer and Pope, Butler and Jean Paul, and bury the hatchet of one war of tastes.

And now, finally, what is the secret of the great poet's power over us? There is something we love better than love, something that is sweeter to us than riches, something that is more inspiring to us than success—and that is the imagination of them. No woman was ever loved enough, no miser was ever rich enough, no ambitious man ever successful enough, but in imagination. Every desire of the heart finds its gratification in the poet, because he speaks always imaginatively and satisfies ideal hungers. We are the always welcome guest of his ennobling words.

This, then, is why the Poet has been always held in reverence among men. All nature is dumb, and we men have mostly but a stunted and stuttering speech. But the longing of every created thing is for utterance and expression. The Poet's office, whether we call him Seer, Prophet, Maker, or Namer is always this—to the Voice of this low world. Through him, man and nature find at last a tongue, by which they can utter themselves and speak to each other. The beauties of the visible world, the trembling attractions of the invisible, the hopes and desires of the heart, the aspirations of the soul, the passions and the charities of men, nay, the trees, the rocks, our poor old speechless mother the earth herself, become voice and music, and attain to that humanity, a divine instinct of which is implanted in them all.

LINES

INSCRIBED TO FRIENDS UNDER ARREST FOR TREASON AGAINST THE SLAVE POWER.

THE age is dull and mean. Men creep,
Not walk; with blood too pale and lame
To pay the debt they owe to shame;
Buy cheap, sell dear; eat, drink, and sleep
Down-pillowed, deaf to moaning want;
Pay tythes for soul-insurance; keep
Six days to Mammon, one to Cant.

In such a time, gives thanks to God,
That somewhat of the holy rage
With which the prophets in their age
On all its decent seemings trod,
Has set your feet upon the lie,
That man and ox and soul and clod
Are market stock to sell and buy!

The hot words from your lips, my own,
To caution trained, might not repeat;
But, if some tares among the wheat
Of generous thought and deed were sown,
No common wrong provoked your zeal:
The silken gauntlet that is thrown
In such a quarrel rings like steel.

The brave old strife the fathers saw
For freedom, calls for men again
Like those who battled not in vain
For England's Charter, Alfred's law,
And right of speech and trial just
Wage in your name their ancient war
With venal courts and perjured trust.

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait.
Give crimined knaves their hour of crime;
Ye have the future grand and great,
The safe appeal of Truth to Time!

—*National Era.* J. G. W.

LIFE AFTER DEATH.

LIFE is a dream; death is a dream; and, after our dream is over, we awake in heaven. Perhaps the gentle moon (as Heder and the Egyptian priests thought) is the first firm land we come to after the hurricane of life. There, perhaps, do we put forth our first spring flowers of another life, until in a state of bliss we soar further on, from world to world—from heaven to heaven.

Oh! when the earth flies behind us and melts into a dot of light, how shall we regret our follies here below, our melancholy joys, our unbridled sorrows, and our heavenly life! Every deceased friend is for us a magnet that draws us into another world, and the old man dwells among the dead. In the midnight of his life he looks, like the Greenlander, into the midnight of his longest day, or in the moon of his longest night to higher regions; and from his night he sees the sun of immortality tip the mountain points with red and gold. But if the consoling voice of the preacher is silent in the burial ground, then do the devouring graves look hideously, like hungry ravens which destroy parents and friends before your eyes, and a venomous demon—a foe to every living human pair—constantly reduces one half to ashes, and lays nothing on the warm bosom but a cold dead one.

I am going to say all this over again by telling a little story. Hylo loved Mehalla; both were good, but neither was happy, for a mountain grew between their hearts. They now stood in two deserts; earth was empty to their arms, and heaven to their eyes, for their dying child had snatched Mehalla into his cold arms, had drawn her eyes to his eyebrows, her heart to his cold bosom; but Hylo sank into the earth which gave and left him nothing, and death quietly laid out his troubled limbs, and dried and closed the eye to which a perpetual tear had formed a second lid.

Death loves to lead children with his cold icy hand. The hand, which we all must clasp, some time or other, turned Mehalla's child into a rigid corpse, and the butterfly flew from the flowers of earth to the flowers of heaven. Oh! flutter away ye happy children in the beginning of life; death rocks you to sleep amid songs, morning dawn, and flowers; two arms carry you and your little coffin, and you merely change one paradise for another, while we are broken up, and put on the paleness of death, among cold shadows, in the storm of life, and with a weary face, torn by worldly sorrows and worldly cares, and with the soul rivetted to a clod of earth.

In the sublime starry night Hylo's friend often passed the sinking hillock over his grave, and felt that he himself was as lonely as the dead, and that two solitary persons were with each other. He raised his heavy eye to the stars above him, and towards the clouds that passed over him, and he wished himself away from the low dumb earth in which his friend was laid.

In the sublime starry night his mother passed his grave and her tears veiled it from her sight, and she was without consolation.

In the sublime starry night his Mehalla went to the hillock to strew flowers there, but she strewed no flowers, and only fell from pain to pain. "Thou hast lost thy name, and the earth, and thy friends, and me, and there is much there between thee and me. I never see thee. Oh, if I could see thee! Thine eye crumbles to ashes; thy hand moulders away; thy heart is eaten by the death worm; thy spirit has fled! Oh, Fate, how hast thou laid waste us and our whole paradise!"

At this sublime moment a youth, beautiful as light, passed over the field with a solemnity which this earth does not give. A gleam was over him among the stars, and the gleam passed away with him. He did not look at the grave like the rest. Like a cloudless sky, he approached Mehalla; a past eternity was in his face; a prayer and a divinity were in his eyes.

"Away from the dead! Deem not the grave to be thy world. It is not the human spirit, but only death, which crawls into the coffin. Look up! There, above the night, are God—men—existence—youth! Then does your lowly earth glimmer upwards, like an iceberg between the clouds; deep below the motionless sea of eternity goes the swift stream of time, bearing its dead and its living to brighter shores. Behold the stars that now fall. They are no stars, but children of the mouldering earth; for stars and suns stand eternally, and do not fall. Thus do the meteors of the body dart into the grave, and the spirit goes on striving along the eternal sky. But thou art still coffined in living earth."

Mehalla was confounded, but not consoled. The youth proceeded in more gentle tones.

"Hylo beams upon Mehalla! Into the moon above thee passes my spirit from its decayed body, and a transparent dream there veils its new life. The dead must dream, like you, that their high billows of life may roll apart; then does the dream of their earthly youth play before them, lulling their becalmed soul, until a child removes the veil, and their eye, unclouded and large, is open to the etherial delights of the great plains of the first heaven. Oh! when Hylo's dream of death repeated his dream of life, and he again played in the unfallen paradise of his youth, when you were before him, and removed from his struggling heart the black grief which enveloped it like an adder; when at last thy child, by its lisping, awakened the recovered Hylo from his last dream, when first this parting flower, this forget-me-not, which death, bore to him from thee, smiled on him with a smile of bliss, and when the horizon of the clear Elysium of our earth rose upon him large, and as bright as silver, and Hylo gazed at it, as a mountain over which the hoped-far peace is coming—Oh, envy not thy Hylo! The day of death, Mehalla, will come also; thy earthly prison will also moulder away; thy child will also awake thee; and thy first glance at heaven will tell that I am thy Hylo."

With a straining glance of unspeakable love, he looked at her, as if he were again a mortal, and vanished in a flash of lightning. And Mehalla looked no more at the grave, and put no more flowers upon it, but went home occupied with thoughts above this earth, and with her pure eye fixed on the glimmering moon.—*From Richter.*

ORIGIN OF CAMP-MEETINGS.

From The Missouri Republican.

WE hear now and then of the strange effects which were produced upon persons and whole communities in olden times by religious excitement, and the peculiar phenomena which marked periods of religious fervour among a simple people. In a recent lecture before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, Rev. Wm. H. Milburn gave a general description of the early preachers of the West, particularly of Kentucky, and made a selection of a few characters to illustrate the prevailing traits of the whole. No part of the country has witnessed such schisms in the churches, and such wild and fanatical delusions in connection with religious teaching, as the States of Kentucky and Tennessee. The statements made by Rev. Mr. Milburn were doubtless correct, so far as they went; but the selection of a few individuals as an index of the general character of the western preachers of that time, gives a very incorrect idea of the actual facts:

Some years since, during a temporary residence of a few months in the State of Kentucky, I chanced to have an opportunity of examining a historical work, which is there acknowledged as the best authority, and in which I noticed many of the incidents described in the lecture by Mr. M., and in which also are found many interesting statements with regard to that early time, which go to indicate that there was a vast amount of imperfection connected with many of those whose characters were delineated under the heading of "Saddle Bags." Some of the incidents of that day and region are scarcely credible on account of the strange perversion of the human intellect which they show. The churches were torn and wasted for years by intestine feuds, and, in consequence of the dissensions then existing among the churches, infidelity prevailed throughout that whole region. The writer to whom I have referred says that "nearly half of the ministers of that period were at one time and another subject to church censure for various faults."

Camp-meetings originated among the Presbyterians of Kentucky. The first camp-meeting was held near Gooseberry river, in July, 1800. The ministers present were Messrs. McGready, Wm. McGee, and a Mr. Hoge. The author, whose language I quote, says: "Camp meetings being once introduced, the plan spread like wild-fire. The labourer quitted his task, the youth forgot his pastimes, the plough was left in the furrow, age snatched his crutch, the deer enjoyed a respite upon the mountains, business of all kinds were suspended, dwelling houses were deserted, whole neighbourhoods were emptied, bold hunters and sober matrons, young men and maidens and little children flocked to the common centre of attraction; every difficulty was encountered, every risk ventured to be present at the camp meeting."

In connection with these camp meetings a great variety of strange exercises grew up. Children, ten or twelve years of age, were prominent actors. Under paroxysms of feeling, persons fell down, and this was called "the falling exercise." There were also "the jerking exercise," the "rolling," the "running," the "dancing," and the "barking exercises," besides "visions" and "trances." At Cabin Creek camp-meeting, May 22, 1801, so many fell on the third night, that to prevent their being trod on, they were laid out on one side of the meeting-house floor, like so many corpses. At Boone Creek sacrament two hundred fell; at Pleasant Point three hundred, and at Cane Ridge three thousand, August 6, 1801. It is said that children, eight months old, were affected by these strange influences.

The first instance of the "jerking exercises" was at a sacrament in East Tennessee. Persons would be jerked in all directions, and over whatever object happened to be in the way. They were always left to themselves, because the people said that to oppose them would be to resist the influences of the Spirit of God. Sometimes those who had long hair, it is said, had their heads jerked so swiftly, that the hair snapped like the crack of a whip. It is said that none were injured except those who rebelled against the operation of the Spirit and refused to comply with the injunctions it came to enforce. Some who went to the meetings with whips in their hand to flog others, had their whips jerked out of their hands.

In the "rolling exercises," they doubled up and rolled over and over; and it made no difference whether there was mud or filth of any kind in the way. In the "running exercise" they would run over every obstacle and keep running till quite exhausted.

In the "dancing exercise," a writer of that time says they had the privilege of exhibiting, by a bold faith, what others were moved to by a blind impulse. In one instance a Mr. Thompson, a minister, commenced dancing after meeting and danced an hour and a half; and said he, "This is the Holy Ghost!" A girl danced for an hour in an empty pew, and others danced in so violent a manner that they could not be held by strong men.

The writer whom I quote says: "One might be tempted to think that the climax had already been reached, but there was a piece of extravagance to complete the degradation of human nature. The 'barks' frequently accompanied the 'jerks,' though of later origin. This exercise consisted of the individual taking the position of a dog, moving about on all fours, growling, snapping his teeth, and barking with such exactness of imitation as to deceive any one whose eyes were not directed to the spot."

All classes became affected by this degrading mania, and the only method of securing relief was to engage in the voluntary dance. It was supposed first to be inflicted as a chastisement for remissness in duty. Such as resisted the impulse and declined the dancing continued to be tormented for months and even years. From being regarded as marks of guilt, the bark at last came to be regarded as tokens of divine favour and badges of special honour. "Ridiculous as it may seem to us at this distance of time to hear such extraordinary sounds as bow, wow, wow, interspersed with pious ejaculations and quotations of Scripture, we are not at liberty to doubt the truth of the assertion that then the effect, or at least one of the effects was, to overawe the wicked and excite the minds of the impious."

In the midst of these disorders, those preachers who laboured to direct the minds of the people to true marks of grace were denounced as deistical, and thus their influence was greatly diminished. Some of the results were, the people would be singing half a dozen hymns at the same time, very loud, with violent motions of the body. Sometimes a dozen would be praying at a time, for they said the Lord could hear even if they all spoke at once. The preachers were often interrupted with singing in the midst of their sermons. Whoops, cries, hysterical laughter and the repetition of the words of the preacher, even louder than he uttered them, constituted a combination of annoyances to which the waves of the sea, harangued by the Athenian orator, must have been a trifle.

There are cases enough to show what a state of things existed in Kentucky in the beginning of this century. Our author asks, "Will it be easily credited that in 1803, the females, from fourteen to forty years of age, got into the habit of hugging and embracing every one in their vicinity, and that the men, especially the preachers, came in for good share of their embraces?"

A RAIN DREAM.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THESE strifes, these tumults of the noisy world,
Where Fraud, the coward, tracks his prey by stealth,
And Strength, the ruffian, glories in his guilt,
Oppress the heart with sadness. Oh, my friend,
In what serener mood we look upon
The gloomiest aspects of the elements
Among the woods and fields! Let us awhile,
As the slow wind is rolling up the storm,
In fancy leave this maze of dusty streets,
Forever shaken by the importunate jar
Of commerce, and upon the darkening air
Look from the shelter of our rural home.
Who is not awed that listens to the Rain,
Sending his voice before him? Mighty Rain!
The upland steeps are shrouded by thy mists;
The vales are gloomy with thy shade; the pools
No longer glimmer, and the silvery streams
Darken to veins of lead at thy approach.
Oh, mighty Rain! already thou art here;
And every roof is beaten by thy streams;
And as thou passest, every glassy spring
Grows rough, and every leaf in all the woods
Is struck and quivers. All the hill-tops shake
Their thirst from thee; a thousand languishing fields,
A thousand fainting gardens are refreshed;
A thousand idle rivulets start to speed,
And with the graver murmur of the storm
Blend their light voices as they hurry on.
Thou fill'st the circle of the atmosphere
Alone; there is no living thing abroad,
No bird to wing the air, nor beast to walk
The field; the squirrel in the forest seeks
His hollow tree; the marmot of the field
Has scampered to his den; the butterfly
Hides under her broad leaf; the insect crowds
That made the sunshine populous, lie close
In their mysterious shelters, whence the sun
Will summon them again. The mighty Rain
Holds the vast empire of the sky alone.
I shut my eyes, and see, as in a dream,
The friendly clouds drop down spring violets
And summer columbines, and all the flowers
That tuft the woodland floor, or overarch
The streamlet: spiky grass for genial June,
Brown harvests for the waiting husbandman,
And for the woods a deluge of fresh leaves.
I see these myriad drops that slake the dust,
Gathered in glorious streams, or rolling blue
In billows on the lake or on the deep,
And bearing navies. I behold them change
To threads of crystal as they sink in earth,
And leave its stains behind, to rise again
In pleasant nooks of verdure, where the child,
Thirsty with play, in both his little hands
Shall take the cool clear water, raising it
To wet his pretty lips. To-morrow noon
How proudly will the water-lily ride
The brimming pool, o'erlooking, like a queen,
Her circle of broad leaves. In lonely wastes,
When next the sunshine makes them beautiful,
Gay troops of butterflies shall light to drink
At the replenished hollows of the rock.
Now slowly falls the dull blank night, and still,
All through the starless hours, the mighty Rain
Smites with perpetual sound the forest leaves,
And beats the matted grass, and still the earth
Drinks the unstinted bounty of the clouds,
Drinks for her cottage wells, her woodland brooks,
Drinks for the springing trent, the toiling bee
And brooding birds, drinks for her tender flowers,
Tall oaks, and all the herbage of her hills.
A melancholy sound is in the air,
A deep sigh in the distance, a shrill wail
Around my dwelling. 'Tis the wind of night;
A lonely wanderer between earth and cloud,
In the black shadow and the chilly mist,
Along the streaming mountain side, and through
The dripping woods, and o'er the plashy fields,
Roaming and sorrowing still, like one who makes
The journey of life alone, and nowhere meets
A welcome or a friend, and still goes on
In darkness. Yet awhile, a little while,
And he shall toss the glittering leaves in play,
And dally with the flowers, and gaily lift
The slender herbs, pressed low by weight of rain,
And drive, in joyous triumph, through the sky,
White clouds, the laggard remnants of the storm.

—*From "The Crayon" for January 10th.*

THE SABBATH-DAY IN SCOTLAND.

As this is the season for light, easy and graceful reading, we may be permitted to diverge a little from topics of terrible import, and take note of a somewhat extraordinary and amusing movement among the cabmen of Edinburgh and Glasgow. These useful and accomplished Northmen have rebelled against their patrons, the public, and they have asserted their right to have one day out of the seven for rest and recreation. Accordingly, when Sunday comes, the good people of Edinburgh and Glasgow must go to church without the luxury of omnibus or cab, and precisely in the same way that their fathers did of old; that is to say, leaning upon their staves and walking upon their feet.

We pray our English readers never to forget that the Sabbath-day in Scotland is a very venerable, if not a decrepid institution. Whenever the Scotch pulpit becomes fiery and eloquent, we may be sure that the subject in hand is the sanctification of the first day of the week; and whenever a genuine Scotchman begins to tremble and repent, it is when he calls to mind how oft he has violated the stern requirements of the holy day. Among the sins forbidden by the fourth commandment, according to Scotch orthodox teaching, are hot dinners, country walks, instrumental music, shaving of the beard, reading newspapers, or visiting friends. Hence very curious anecdotes might be retailed concerning Sabbath sanctity in this part of her Majesty's dominions. We have heard, for example, of a little child, who, when the first day of the week had come, wanted her parents to tell her where to put her hands and arms, seeing they so much stood in the way. Another infant, in the midst of fever, was heard to pray that death would not be her lot, for nurse had said it was all Sunday in heaven, and she had had quite enough of Sunday on earth not to be desirous of its permanent existence. Even geological philosophers are told that if they break stones on the first day of the week, they break the Sabbath too; and when the day of rest dawns, the whole of the people instinctively labour under the notion that a Sunday atmosphere, a Sunday storm and a Sunday sunshine are altogether different and diverse from the atmosphere, storm and sunshine of the unhallowed days of business.

Nevertheless, all travellers and sojourners in that much favoured region of the earth have imagined that they saw glaring inconsistency in its Sabbath observance. They have perceived that a river excursion on this day would create a tempest of wrath, while the debaucheries of ten thousand whiskey shops would only cause a sigh; and it is remarkable that those who have been loudest in their declamations against Sunday traffic have but seldom complained that the rich and the respectable should employ horsemen and chariots to convey them to church. Every Sunday, long lines of omnibuses and cabs have, for years, been paraded along the streets of Edinburgh and Glasgow without any stern rebuke; nay, the most earnest expounders of Sabbath law have themselves encouraged the cab and omnibus trade by hiring the conductors to drive them to that very house of prayer where their furious anathemas against the Sabbath-breakers were to be hurled. But the other Sunday morning, much to the astonishment of those reverend clergy and pious church-goers who live in the outskirts of these large towns, no cabs or omnibuses could be obtained. The whole host of the cab fraternity had combined to secure a day of rest for themselves; and, without making any serious commotion, or uttering any prolonged threats, the Sunday trade in cabs was entirely given up, and Christian people and Christian ministers are now required to rise earlier on Sunday mornings, for they have no quicker means of transit to their pulpits and their pews than the pedestrian.

Now, from all this it must be plain that the Glasgow and Edinburgh cab-driver is a brave, courageous and noble-hearted fellow. A few evenings ago, a meeting was held in Glasgow to sympathize with and support him in his troubles, and we observe with pleasure that at this meeting our friend the northern cabbee made a speech. It is not often the newspaper press has the honour of reporting the inspirations of such a class, and therefore we feel it our duty to give our readers the speech of Mr. M'Gregor, cab-driver, as reported in the Scotch newspapers. He said:

He had been ten years in the trade. For the first eighteen months he had gone to church occasionally, but he began to lose taste for it, and for three or four years was not there at all. Throughout the week, they had generally sixteen to eighteen hours' labour daily, and sometimes twenty hours, though the hours were shorter now than they were some years ago. On the ball nights, however, they were up till five or six, and many masters expected them to be back at the stance at the usual hour. He had not driven on Sabbath for eighteen months; but during the eight years and a half he did drive on Sunday, he had no case of necessity or mercy he knew of but one. The cabman's life was not a long one, and the tendency of their habits and circumstances was generally downward. Only about 50 of 200 he knew ten years ago were on the stances still; many had died, others had gone to the poor-house, others had fallen to lower trades, and a few only had bettered their circumstances. Church-going people were now almost the only employers the cabmen had on Sunday; and on the communion Sabbath they were always most employed. Sometimes in scornful pity their customers would hand them a religious tract; this was a kind of sympathy, however, the cabmen but little appreciated.

—*The (London) Empire.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

GLOVES.—In Paris there are annually consumed 1,600,000 kid and lamb skins, for fabrication into gloves.

——The children of Schiller are endeavouring to obtain from the Prussian chamber an extension of the copyright which they at present enjoy in the works of their illustrious parent. According to the present law their peculiar property in Schiller's works is secured until 1858, and they pray that the term may be extended twenty years.

——NATURE ADVERSE TO SUPERSTITION.—The real wonders of God's world, both of matter and spirit, far exceed any of the inventions of superstition; they surpass human reason, but never contradict it; and hence, while their contemplation throws the sound mind into an ecstacy of devout admiration, they do not satisfy the appetite of the diseased mind, which will be content with nothing that does not outrage science and scandalize faith.